CHICAGO LEDGER

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By STEPHEN GAILLARD

FIRST PART IN THIS ISSUE

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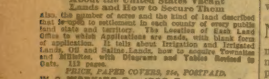

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The Editor Has His Say Here

A WOMAN who has been reading the Ledger for quite some time wrote us the other day that her subscription had expired but that she was not going to renew it. Her letter was almost hysterical. She still liked the Ledger as much as ever, in fact, she liked it better, but she said, "I am so worried and fretted and anxious because of the war that I just can't find time to read." Had we heard that she had written to any other publication, we should say the same thing we are going to say now. She is very, very foolish. There is no need for worry or fret or anxiety in the world at any time. More so than ever is this true now. Why should we get what "het up" because the Nation is at war? If ever there was a time when we needed cool, calm and collected people it is now. Worry and fret and anxiety are always enemies of our well-being. But now they are three of the finest little allies the Kaiser ever had.

UNCLE SAM does not want us to worry or fret or become anxious about ourselves or our boys "over there." He wants us to go about the business of living just as we always did in time of peace. He does not want to help insure victory in so far as we are able, but worry, fret and anxiety are not calculated to help us give our country our best. Suppose that our generals and commanders abroad should give way to them. How long do you suppose our Armies would last? Quickly, order and discipline would give way, our troops would be depressed, and the Germans would find our boys easy victims. Did you ever read of a great leader of any kind who let things worry him? Isn't it always the man who keeps himself cool, who frets, who gives way to anxiety, that collapses? It isn't your turn to [illegible] and we. While we regret to lose this old reader, we do not believe that we are going to get the worst of it. For we are not worrying or fretting; neither are we anxious. We know that the vast majority of our readers are sane, sensible Americans who know that if they are to maintain the proper spirit they must have their relaxations and their pleasures, just as they always have in the past. Reading is the best mind-settler in the world. You don't hear of President Wilson or any of his helpers giving up their magazines or papers because we are at war, and yet they are the ones who must see that the war is conducted to victory. From every Army and Navy camp in the country, there is a constant cry for reading matter for our soldiers and sailors. Yet they are the boys who are risking their lives. If reading will help them to keep steady, why won't it help those of us at home?

NO LESS a person than the President himself recently declared that nothing must be done in the Government which would compel the newspapers and magazines to face undue hardships. The President knows that the great majority of people depend upon what they read for their knowledge of the war and for their relaxation after the strenuous work of the day. When Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States it was no unusual thing for him to hunt out a nice, comfortable chair and soon immerse himself in a detective story of some kind, or a tale of adventure or a mystery yarn. He completely forgot the fact that the Nation had laid upon his shoulders the burden of conducting its affairs. If a busy man like Roosevelt found time to read fiction, why should we who are not half so busy give it up? Emerson put a whole lot in one little paragraph. For the benefit of those who may not know it, here is the paragraph: "He only is rich who owns the day; and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with worry and fret and anxiety." Which would be a mighty good motto for all of us to make our very own.

THIS week you will have the privilege of reading the opening installment of the new serial, "Attila of the Destroying Rays." We have told you about this story in previous numbers of the Ledger. The decision as to its worth, after all, is in your hands and we are ready to let you say. All that we ask is that you read this installment. If the most of you do not agree with us that it is a good story we shall have failed. This is an appropriate time to point out that we are giving you longer installments of the serials, as so many of you requested. Thus the end of the story comes sooner and you need not wait so long to find out how it all turned out. Next week there will not be a new serial, but we will feature a long short story entitled, "Milk and a Heel of Bread." It is the work of an author new to the Ledger readers, and as he is in a position to do quite a little writing for us in the future we want as many of you as feel like it to write and tell us what you think of his story. If the Ledger readers approve of this story we will have more by the same writer later on. Peculiarly enough, the request is made of you at his own suggestion.

"THE HELL CAT," the story which opens in the next issue, is a strong, masterful piece of writing and it fairly teems with human interest. We believe it is one of the most dramatic stories of its kind we ever have offered you, and so we have given it the place of honor as the first story in the paper. It is not at all unusual, however, for readers to disagree with us and pick some other story in the same issue as being best and [illegible] one or the other short story better.

WE ARE not telling you much about the next issue of the Ledger because we have an announcement to make for the kiddies. We have obtained from a well known artist a series of cutout pictures for the youngsters. They are they interesting from that standpoint but they are educational as well in that they deal with things which are most in the public eye today. Destroyers, submarines, tanks, airplanes, armored motor cars and other devices of the war make up the set. Follow directions about cutting them out of the Ledger, paste them on cardboard, as directed and you will have a splendid sample of the things which are being used on the battlefield today. We know grownups who like cutouts about as well as the children and we know that this series will please a great many of them. We hope to have the first cutout, and in colors, too, in the next issue of the Ledger, but may be compelled to hold it over one week.

MUCH interest is being manifested in the needlework department of the Ledger and quite a few readers are writing in for further information regarding the work shown in the department. We have just arranged for some new and seasonable matter for the page and will begin serving it to you in the near future. Improvements for the department are planned for the summer months by Elizabeth Berne, who again is in charge of the page. Miss Berne's designs are all original and you can get them nowhere else. Attention, too, is called to the "Your Kitchen in War Time" department. We are following out the wishes of the Food Administration as regards the kitchen and the recipes published all have the approval of this department of our Government.

The Editor.

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VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 22, 1918. No. 25.

A Serial Story of the Diabolical Plot Conceived by a Hun to Win the World War

Attila of the Destroying Rays

Frau Langmann and Halali Pasha Bent Forward With Gleaming Eyes Fixed Upon the Crumpled Cylinder.

By Stephen Gaillard

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CHAPTER I.

SINISTER COINCIDENCES.

REVERDY stretched himself as if he would dislocate the joints of his herculean frame, settled back more comfortably upon the divan, and [illegible]

Frontivard, probably the world's greatest detective, glanced at him sharply.

"It seems to me you should be one of the happiest of men," he said.

"Oh, yes, I know; and I am happy—perfectly happy—in a way; but danger is like other forms of stimulant, it gets a hold upon us ere we are aware until suddenly we find we cannot live without it," Reverdy remarked.

"Well?" said his friend tentatively.

"Well," continued Reverdy, "since we put a period to the activities of our late friend, Carlo Monaldi, nothing exciting has happened to us."

A faint, grim smile wrinkled the face of Frontivard—a face which much resembled a classic in bronze.

"So that's the trouble, eh?"

Frontivard picked up a newspaper and handed it to Reverdy.

"Take a look under that 'extra' heading there, and see what you make of it," he said.

Reverdy glanced down the column Frontivard had indicated, paraphrasing aloud as he went along: "Hum! James Blandfield, editor of New York Cosmopolitan Press found dead in his private office on twenty-sixth floor of the Cosmopolitan Building. Bullet thru brain—buried in opposite wall—steel jacketed—evidently fired from military rifle—no one heard a shot fired—no clew found to the murderer—murdered man engaged in writing editorial on German propaganda in America when death overtook him—Hum, yes, that was his hobby. Well, my boy, I can't say that I make anything of it—anything at least that would be of interest to us."

"And yet do you not note a singular coincidence between the manner of the death of James Blandfield and that of Robert Ludenberg, United States Consul General to Hamburg, in New York, three weeks ago?"

"By Jove, yes!" said Reverdy. "Let's see, Ludenberg was returning home, summoned, it was rumored, expressly by the President to confer with him upon the German situation; he left his hotel alone early in the evening to attend the theater, and was found shot dead in front of the hotel at one o'clock in the morning. The nature of the wound indicated that it had been made by a steel-jacketed bullet; no one heard the shot fired and no clew was found to the murderer. The cases are identical! Blandfield and Ludenberg apparently were killed by the same assassin!"

"Exactly, an assassin apparently directed by a master mind," snapped Frontivard.

"I see no evidence in these two murders of a master-directing mind; they look to me more like the work of a very cunning and dangerous fanatic," Reverdy asserted.

"My dear fellow," said Frontivard, "if the two murders could be taken by themselves I would quite agree with you."

Frontivard stepped to a cabinet, which a scrapbook from within, and returned to the chair.

"Let me refresh your memory," he went on, "in regard to certain events between the murders of Ludenberg and Blandfield in which I seem to see a direct connection."

Running his finger down the columns of the index, he came to a certain entry and turned to the page indicated.

"Here we have it," continued Frontivard.

"Sir Maynard Agnew, Justice of the High Court of Canada, broke thru the ice while sleighing on the Ottawa River, February twentieth of the present year. The bodies of the Justice and his driver were never recovered."

"I remember you mentioning at the time certain circumstances about the case which you considered peculiar," said Reverdy, "and yet I fail to see any connection between it and the murders of Ludenberg and Blandfield."

"Wait a minute," said Frontivard, "here's another clipping:

"'John Widdicombe, Chief Inmigration Inspector for the Western District of Canada, killed by an explosion in the streets of Victoria, British Columbia, supposed to have been caused by accumulation of gas from a broken main.' That was on the same day Justice Agnew was drowned. Do you see no connection, my friend?"

"Why, only in the dates," remarked Reverdy, "both deaths appear to have been accidental."

Frontivard smiled grimly. "But does it not seem singular," he said, "that at the time of their deaths both men were active in ferreting out German plots which, altho aimed at the safety of the British Empire, appeared to have had their inception here in the United States? You remember the case of Lal Gunda Das? He had been indicted thru activity of Inspector Widdicombe on the charge of having participated in the plot to burn the Canadian houses of Parliament. Convicted in the lower court his case had been carried to the High Court on Appeal; and it was rumored that the appeal was about to be decided against him, chiefly thru the weight of Justice Agnew's opinion. As you know, immediately following Justice Agnew's death Lal Gunda Das mysteriously escaped and has not been heard of since. Now, my friend, was not that explosion in the streets of Victoria, that inexplainable rottenness of the ice in the Ottawa River—it was mid-February, remember, and there had been no thaw—most opportune from the pro-German point of view?"

Without waiting for Reverdy to reply, Frontivard turned to another page.

"Now, here is the case of Matthew Lehmann, the free lance correspondent. He had written most forcibly, and, it must be admitted, most convincingly, upon the German peril in the United States and had proved, by what seemed to be clear evidence, that the pro-German plots were aimed, not only at the Entente Allies, but at the government of the United States itself. Then, on April fifth, an article of his was printed in the New York Cosmopolitan Press calling attention to the fact that the Vaucloz-Daroc powder factory in Dearborn County, New York—the greatest in the country—was almost entirely in the hands of pro-German employes; that the general superintendent, Matthias Burghalter, was a German reservist; and that almost every one of the foremen was of German birth or extraction. In the same article he declared that the whole country was honeycombed by a system of German spies; that they knew the secrets of every fortification, the caliber and range of every piece of artillery, the exact amount of powder available for all arms, even the secret codes of the War and Navy Departments. Ten days later he was dead. Body found on the B. & O. tracks near Pittsburgh. He was on his way to Chicago at the time. Became dizzy and fell from the observation platform, was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Now we come back to the Ludenberg and Blandfield cases. Ludenberg was on his way to Washington to confer with the President; he had resided in Hamburg for twenty years; he was an accomplished scholar, as well as a diplomat and keen observer; he probably understood the true import of the German propaganda on both sides of the Atlantic as no other American understood it. He was killed within two days after landing at New York.

"Blandfield was a journalist of great force and earnestness," continued Frontivard, "enthusiastic in the prosecution of any cause which he espoused; he had long been endeavoring to awaken the country to a realization of the German peril; and he seemed likely to succeed. On May third an automobile in which he was riding blew up and it was considered a miracle that he escaped with his life, much less uninjured. Today he is dead and the assassin is at large. Was the same malignant power that directed the bullets of Ludenberg and Blandfield also responsible for those other tragic deaths of men whose influence was inimicable to German aspirations?"

Reverdy was stirred.

"By Jove! Frontivard," he said, "it's plausible! But," and he heaved a sigh, "the Government Secret Service seemed rather shy of us when we offered our services two years ago, so I guess that lets us out."

"My friend," said Frontivard gravely, "I think I have reason to believe that the chiefs of the secret service have gotten over their shyness which you deplore. This is more than a political question; it is a question of the life or death of civilization; with the present insidious and malignant phase of that question we are, I believe, and I think the Secret Service believes, peculiarly fitted to cope; and I believe we are about to be permitted to take a hand. I have corresponded with the chief for more than half a year, and I shall be surprised if this latest tragedy does not bring matters to a head."

The room in which the two Secret Service agents were sitting was the second floor front of Frontivard's house in Goethe Street, Chicago, the same one which had been for some months the domicile of Letitia Storza, the pseudo-princess Morosini, whose lease Frontivard had taken over, and whose escape from the city and from the country he had secretly aided for reasons best known to himself, much to the chagrin of his friend, Lieutenant Moran, of the city police. Here, the place being far too large for Frontivard's extremely simple needs, Bianca and Reverdy and the former's father, the aged Mascardo, had taken up their abode. Bianca accepting the devoted friendship and close association of her husband with the adventurine and inscrutable Frontivard with a serenity and sweetness of disposition all

her own, which precluded anythought of jealousy.

The hour was early afternoon. The sky, which had been gloriously clear, had suddenly become overcast and roars of thunder presaged an approaching storm. The gloom into which the chamber had been suddenly cast was quite in keeping with the tragic happenings which the two had been discussing.

"Ah," said Reverdy as Frontivard strolled over to the window to note the first big drops of rain that splashed upon the pavements, "action, danger! That suits me. I have been growing rusty—actually running to seed in these months of idleness; but how will you begin?"

"As you are well aware, I never know," said Frontivard. "I usually am guided by events. I fancy here may be one of them—a special delivery messenger from the Post office and the car of Professor Hermann Leanderthal are arriving at our door almost at the same moment."

He turned from the window as he spoke. A moment later a special delivery messenger was ushered into the room. He handed Frontivard a letter, but before Frontivard broke the seal of the official-looking envelope, Blanca's maid came in and handed him a card. Frontivard laid aside the letter and read at a glance: "Penrhynn Warfield of Atlanta."

"Hum! I don't know the name," said Frontivard, handing the card to Reverdy. "However, he must be a friend of Professor Leanderthal's, as he arrives in his car. Show him up, Bonn."

A few moments later the demure Italian usherette of a young man into the room just as the torrential spring rain began to beat against the windows. The visitor was a man of about 30, tall and fair, well built, well groomed, and good looking. Frontivard was startled by the haggard appearance and the extreme paleness of his face.

"Mr. Pembroke Carroll, I believe," said the young man in a very low, but clear and steady, notwithstanding the excitement under which he evidently labored, for drops on the name of Frontivard was known to the visitor.

"That is my name," said Frontivard, motioning his visitor to a chair, "and your card informs me that I am speaking to Mr. Penrhynn Warfield."

The young man sank into the chair Frontivard had indicated and looked at Frontivard and Reverdy. Then, with a forced calmness, he said:

"Before making my appeal to you which I am about to make I think it is just as well that you should understand that I am perfectly well aware of the identity of the men to whom I speak."

Reverdy, who had risen from the divan and was standing near the window, tried to recall where he had seen the young man before.

Frontivard merely bent upon Mr. Penrhynn Warfield a glance that became a little more searching and said:

"You are perhaps aware that since his return he has lived secluded from the world. As a matter of fact, he has shut himself up in his home, called 'Gruenewaid,' at Highland Park, ignoring his old friends and acquaintances, frequently denying himself even to his own brother.

"His secluded manner of life, however, has not prevented him from forming certain associations which his brother and his daughter cannot help but regard as sinister. Professor Leanderthal, as you may know, returned overland from Tibet, passing thru Central Asia and thence into Europe. While in Europe he visited Berlin and resided there for some months. Whether it was there that he first met Professor Gerdann or not I do not know; but certain it is that shortly after his return the Doctor appeared upon the scene and since that time he and his sister and their creatures have been almost Professor Leanderthal's only associates. The sister, who is known as Frau Hauptmann, has leased the property next to 'Gruenewald' and maintains a degree of intimacy with the Professor which would border on the scandalous, were he not more than double her age. Since that time he has been at all hours, and—at times when he denies himself to all others—even his own daughter—to only Doctor Ostmann. She maintains, as I have heard, an establishment of almost Oriental splendor. Indeed, while they are supposed to be German, both she and her brother appear to be quite as much Oriental as German, both in their manner of life—tho as to their nationality that, for the sister, the Doctor's place of abode being, apparently, somewhat of a mystery—and their associates. The Professor has conceded in establishing so complete an ascendency over Professor Leanderthal as not only to estrange him from the friends of former days and even his own brother, but they have succeeded in filling his head with ideas of which I myself is every reason to believe are of their own choosing.

"To his daughter's repeated remonstrances Professor Leanderthal has vouchsafed no reply, choosing to treat them as he would the petulant queries of a headstrong child. To his brother's pests he has paid as little heed, and there have been bitter quarrels between them upon the subject of which I am to speak. Professor Hermann has succeeded in gaining access to his brother; for the creatures by whom he surrounds himself he keeps at upon themselves, or else have had instructions to deny him to every one. More than once has Hermann Leanderthal found the door of the laboratory, in which his brother spends most of his time, locked and double-locked against him. In short, Otto Leanderthal seems to have fallen completely under the influence of Professor Gerdann and his sister, and her ascendancy in particular appears to be positively uncanny.

"Quite since her, but some trifling excuse was made for the girl's absence when the luncheon hour came. She ate little. A few minutes after rising from the table she felt a sudden unwonted drowsiness overcome her and a request for her maid. There was no response. Thoroly alarmed, she made a desperate effort to shake off the strange lethargy that was fast benumbing her faculties. Scarcely knowing what she did, she descended the stairs and entered the dining-room. Halail was there. He advanced towards her. She fled from him into the hall, crying for help. It was then that I appeared. The rest, gentlemen, you know."

"When Professor Hermann Leanderthal heard the recital from his niece's lips he wanted to summon the sheriff, but Miss Caroline begged her father not to. It was with difficulty that Caroline dissuaded him from his purpose—a dissuasion in which I myself concurred. Scandal of the public scandal which would ensue, quite possibly without resulting in the punishment of the guilty, induced me to wait a day before taking any action. In the meantime I have come to you. Gentlemen, I believe I was the first to suspect that Miss Leanderthal, I feel that behind it, behind the circumstances which I have related, lay in regard to Professor Otto Leanderthal, more or less a sinister and terrible conspiracy of the nature of which I can form no guess, save that I believe that it involves not a few, but many, individuals. Sir," he said, fixing his gaze even more earnestly upon Frontivard, "I have heard that you, Mr. Silas Fordham, name you as a man of such formidable genius in combating the foes of society that when you have laughed at the police and defied constituted authority with impunity trembled with fear and hatred, I have come to you to assist me in hunting down what I believe to be a band of conspirators more formidable and powerful than you have ever been called upon to deal."

Frontivard eyed Warfield, a keen gleam in his eyes.

"Mr. Penrhynn Warfield, I find a remarkable connection between at least two of the matters which have come to my attention, tho not my active interest," said Frontivard. Pausing, he picked up the letter which had been delivered to him but a few moments before his visitor's entrance, looked at it a moment attentively, and then, still holding it poised in his hand, continued: "I think I may say, however, that the time has come for me to intervene; but, if I am to cooperate with you and Professor Hermann Leanderthal in the affair, it must be upon the express condition that you will be guided implicitly by my advice; if you can subscribe to that condition for yourself and Professor Leanderthal, well and good, if not I much prefer to prosecute alone any inquiries which I may make."

"For myself," answered the young man, a look of relief overspreading his face, "I can answer unreservedly, and I think also for Hermann Leanderthal. He is even more deeply impressed than myself with the belief that behind his brother's extraordinary conduct since his return from the Orient and Berlin lies some sinister mystery, some ominous conspiracy, the ramifications of which may be more far reaching and the aims of which may be more menacing even than we have dreamed; and I am very sure he will welcome the assistance of a man like you, and will be prepared to submit himself to your guidance."

"Very good," said Frontivard, smiling grimly. "Then to work at once."

A boy in the street below was crying lustily an extra paper.

The patter of rain had ceased and at the moment the sun, breaking thru the clouds, flooded the chamber. Frontivard reached out and pressed the electric bell on the desk, but before he could press it the maid entered and handed him a paper.

"Ha! Good God! What is this? Professor Hermann Leanderthal assassinated!" Reverdy sprang to the window, made the window with an exclamation of horror; Penrhynn Warfield leaped to his feet and snatched the paper from Frontivard's hand.

"Great God!" he exclaimed as he read the headlines, and sank back, white and faint, into the chair.

Professor Hermann Leanderthal had been shot to death by an unknown assassin in broad daylight in the Highland Park station just north of Highland Park while waiting for a train to Chicago.

CHAPTER III.

"MY FRIEND, THE WORLD IS STIRRING."

FRONTIVARD picked up the paper from which he had fallen from Warfield's hand.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, glancing rapidly down the column. "It is! I thought Altho several persons were on the station platform at the time no one heard a shot, no one saw the assassin, and the bullet, which passed thru the victim's head, penetrating the heart, apparently had a steel jacket. Reverdy, my friend, it is. Both time and method!"

Warfield, his face still ghastly white, sat in the arm chair exclaiming over and over again in a low voice: "Dreadful! Dreadful!"

Presently he pulled himself together and rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this frightful news has struck me hard. I left Professor Leanderthal in his home at his desk this morning, whole and sound and in the best of health. He was to have met me at 5 o'clock at the station in Chicago, and the news of his death has come as a fearful shock to me. I must return to Highland Park at once. Any further attempted outrage of yesterday and this horrible tragedy today I feel that Caroline should not be left for one moment unguarded."

"I think that you are right, my friend," said Frontivard gravely, "and I may counsel you: do not return by Sheridan Road, travel as far as possible by unfrequented roads, and drive fast, for death is abroad for the foes of Halail and Lindsay will proceed immediately to Highland Park and guard the house of Professor Hermann Leanderthal constantly until further orders, but not allow themselves to be seen. McDermott will be at the house. He will ask for Mr. Warfield, tell him he came from me, and remain with him constantly whenever he goes. Send Carey, the Imp, here to me."

Then turning to Reverdy he said: "My friend, you were just now sighing for danger and adventure. At the moment we are at war with a power beside which Monaldi and The Reds were but as innocent little children."

"You know me," said Reverdy. "Put tell me—with whom are we at war?"

"Germany—Germany with the Hun—with a power, the resources of which in this country are enormous, directed by a genius unique with the history of ruthlessness, of brute force, of tyranny, personified in whom as yet I know not," said Frontivard.

"The United States apparently has been blind to the significance of German propaganda among us," continued Frontivard. "The fetters intended to bind America and all the world in slavery were begun to be forged long, long be-

fore the thunder of the German guns announced to the world that 'Der Tag' at last had come, that the war for World Empire had begun. We shall deal with a host of spies and propagandists, with the plotters, the thugs, the peddlers of arson and murder, who work with a subtlety and cunning almost unbelievable; who spy out the land; who undermine; who weaken; preparing the way for a long-dreamed of German victory and domination."

"But," said Reverdy simply, "I am not strong in subtlety and cunning, Excellency. I have boundless faith in you; I watch you in nothing save, perhaps, daring."

Professor Arvard's grim smile softened as he looked at Reverdy. "And in faithfulness," he added.

Picking up the letter that still lay unopened on the desk, he broke the seal. In it was a single sheet of note paper on which was written in cypher the one word, "Unleashed."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEANDERTHAL VIBRATIONS.

IN THE laboratory of Professor Otto Leanderthal three persons were engaged in earnest conference. They were the Professor, Murad ben Halali, or, to give him the title which was his by right, Halali Pasha, the mysterious Frau Hauptmann, who had been described by Pemrhyn Warfield as exercising so remarkable an influence over Leanderthal. And yet the learned Professor might have been supposed to have reached an age—not, indeed, to mention his proscription in recondite scientific studies—when mere feminine charms should have lost their power over him. Nor was there anything in his appearance to indicate the aged libertine, of one likely to yield to a belated infatuation. His domelike brow and massive head, the deep gray eyes, into the serene depths of which no penetrating eye could long gaze without discerning in them the fires of genius, the strong, ascetic features, from which long nights and days of abstruse meditation and patient experiment attending over many years had refined away all hint of grossness, were not those of the senile voluptuary, or aged sentimentalist. Nevertheless, there was the stubborn fact of his apparent intimacy with Frau Hauptmann and her undoubted influence over him.

To a casual observer Frau Hauptmann would have seemed merely a strikingly handsome woman; too beautiful to pass unnoticed even among the fairest; yet a little bit too virile and masculine in appearance to be called either sweet or exactly charming. In fact, despite her obvious beauty, she was apt to be rather repellant than attractive to a casual acquaintance. It was only when familiarity had blunted the sharp edge of repulsion that one began to feel the force of a subtle fascination, the magnetism, the softness of creamy, blue veined skin; of the exquisiteness of the narrow, perfectly arched eyebrows, in striking contrast with luxuriant tresses yellow as burnished gold; of the seductiveness of the little red-lipped, but resolute mouth; of the magnetism of her eyes, in which it seemed as if nature had tried to match her hair. They were golden yellow, vivacious, flashing, opalescent.* In their golden depths burned a fire, passionate allurine, splendid, terrible—abysses at the bottom of which lay a voluptuous hell, aflame with the fires of a magnificent yet alluring perdition. Into them once was to be thrilled with a vague terror. To look into them often was to be lost.

At the moment Professor Leanderthal was speaking earnestly and rapidly, while his two auditors, seated in front of him, hung eagerly upon his words. As he paced up and down in his loose, untidy clothes and big, flapping slippers, he presented a quaint, pathetic, yet most noble figure, so compound was it of a wholly childlike unworldliness and majestic mien. He and his auditors were at one end of the laboratory—a big, oval chamber, perhaps forty by fifty feet in length and breadth, having three small circular windows on the eastern, southern and western sides respectively, but lighted principally from above by a skylight in the roof, and littered with many tubes, retorts, carboys, jars, batteries, motors and what not, results of ingenious researches in the fields of electricity and chemistry. Immediately behind him was a queer looking apparatus something like a wireless outfit. Near the queer looking apparatus was a motor and, as is used in aeroplanes, attached to it by means of a number of insulated cables.

"I have now," the Professor was saying, "elucidated for your benefit, my friends, the theory of that wonderful force which you will pardon my vanity for calling the 'Leanderthal Rays,' or possibly vibrations would be a better word. As I have told you, I had for years pursued my investigations along lines which paralleled those followed by the Italians, Baldi and Pescara; but it was in Tibet, that land of esoteric marvels, that the true, the decisive inspiration came to me. It has remained for the Adepts of that wonderful land to bring, as I believe, pure mind to the ultima thule of its powers; to solve by mind alone, unaided by material agencies, the mystery of elemental changes; to demonstrate the ultimate nothingness of matter, the all-power of mind.

"But, my friends, I am an Occidental, my intellect enthralled by the essential practicalness of Occidental thought, and tho I was tempted to renounce the material world, and, surrendering my mind to the occult genius of the Orient, seek to become an Adept in a Tibetan monastery, the inclination was over-borne by the thought of the practicable boon I might confer upon humanity could I succeed in subduing for the practical service of mankind those tremendous forces which lie dormant in the mysterious borderland which lies, unexplored, between mind and matter; even as the electric current, from being a seemingly destructive agent, uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable, has been made the servant of man, ministering in an inconceivable degree to his needs and to his luxury.

"The Occidental, my friends," went on the Professor, smiling upon his auditors, "is an Aladdin, his enchanted lamp, which is his practical intellect, has many slaves, which are the forces of nature; and at his bidding those mighty genii have endowed his civilization with a splendor and luxury unknown since the beginnings of the world. So great, indeed, have been his achievements in the realm of the material as to lend color to the opinion, unwarranted as I believe, that they have overshadowed his progress in the realms of the abstract, the spiritual, the esthetic—that his material progress has been at the expense of art and ethics, philosophy and religion.

"But I wander from my subject," he continued after a pause. "I was saying that I was withheld from immuring myself in a Tibetan monastery as an Adept by considerations of the practical boon which I might confer upon humanity by subduing to its use the mighty forces which lie dormant in the unexplored borderland between mind and matter; and I believe that I am on the threshold of the first of many benefits to be secured to mankind by the study and utilization of those mighty forces; for the 'Leanderthal Rays,' when I shall have succeeded in developing the method of their control to its ultimate point of efficiency, will be the means of putting an end to the scourge of war which has laid its cruel hand upon the world."

The faintest shadow of a smile flitted across the impassive countenance of Halali Pasha.

He was a dapper little man, this Oriental, elegantly formed, faultlessly dressed as if his native habitat had been Piccadilly instead of Bagdad or Damascus. His features were of a classic regularity, his eyes black, large, and full of latent power, while the elegantly trimmed mustache and imperial heightened the distinction of a countenance which really needed no artificial advantages to set it off.

The smile was not lost upon Professor Leanderthal. "Ah," he exclaimed, "you smile, Halali Pasha—you doubt! Nor can I blame you, for how often in the last few decades has the assertion been made that this or that discovery of science would render war so terrible as to lead, perforce, to its abolishment and yet the nations are today at death grips in the most terrible of all wars; but I repeat my assertion that the 'Leanderthal Rays,' worked out to their ultimate point of efficiency, will render war impossible, unthinkable. Behold, I will demonstrate!"

Going to a cabinet which stood near the Professor took from it what appeared to be a short metal cylinder. Returning with it to where Frau Hauptmann and Halali Pasha were sitting, "Here, my friends," he said, holding it up for them to see, "we have a cylinder of finely wrought steel which we will place on the table yonder against the wall." Suiting the action to the word he crossed the laboratory to a glass-topped table which stood against the

Her Eyes Were Golden Yellow. In Their Depths Burned a Fire, Passionate, Alluring, at the Bottom of Which Lay a Voluptuous Hell. To Look Into Them Once Was Terrifying, to Look Often Was to Be Lost.

wall nearly forty feet away, and placed the cylinder upon it, first placing under it, however, a wooden base several inches high. "Now," he said, returning to where they sat, "for our demonstration."

Going to the apparatus, he first started the motor and then busied himself with several levers, which were connected with it, at the same time swinging it slightly back and forth by means of a pivot on which it was mounted. There was a crackling, hissing sound, rather less loud than wireless and unaccompanied by any visible manifestation; but upon the instant that the Professor secured the focus he was seeking the steel cylinder appeared to shrivel and crumple up and then fell apart like ash flicked from a cigar.

Frau Hauptmann and Halali Pasha bent forward in their chairs with gleaming eyes fixed upon the crumpled cylinder.

"Ah!" ejaculated Halali Pasha with a low, hissing intake of the breath. "It seemed like steel. I was sure it was steel! What happened to it?"

Professor Leanderthal smiled triumphantly upon his astonished guests. "My friends," he said, "it was steel, but is steel no longer. It has been subjected to a vibration which no known substance can long resist, but to which metals are peculiarly susceptible."

Frau Hauptmann and Halali Pasha gazed upon Leanderthal with an awe which even they, accustomed to dissimulation as they were, could not conceal. "And a man," said Frau Hauptmann in a voice which, for her, was nearly a note of fear, "would the terrible vibrations destroy him also?"

"Yes," instantly," replied the Professor. Armies will shrivel before the death dealing vibrations; battleships will be crumpled like paper; magazines exploded, their structures disintegrated; fortresses of concrete and of steel will become"—he strode across the laboratory and picked up a piece of what had been the steel cylinder, and returning—"even as this," and he showed them what looked like a piece of brown charcoal, and broke it between his fingers. "So light is the apparatus that generates the terrible vibrations that it may be carried even on an aeroplane, and the same motor which runs the aeroplane will generate the force which produces the annihilating vibrations." And he went on, "Can you not see that when I shall give my awful secret to the world war will become unthinkable?"

"Yes, thou greater than the Adepts," said Frau Hauptmann, "unthinkable; but if one nation only should possess the terrible secret that nation would become the ruler of the earth."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Leanderthal, "one nation only must not possess it. When my experiments are complete and the vibrations developed to their ultimate power, I shall summon representatives of the warring powers and demand that the war madness cease; and when they shall witness the effects of the annihilating forces which I hold in the hollow of my hand they cannot choose but obey."

"But," said Halali Pasha, "why do not the vibrations destroy the wall also?"

"Because the destructive rays are controlled to such an extent that they do not destroy any objects beyond those upon which they are focused," replied the scientist.

"And to what distance may this force be projected?" asked Halali Pasha.

"With the apparatus which you see here," answered the Professor, "about five miles; but within a few days I shall perfect another which, I believe, will be capable of projecting the vibrations with full destructive force to a distance of twenty, or, perhaps, even thirty miles."

"But how do you know," murmured Frau Hauptmann, "that they may be projected even five miles?"

"Oh, by actual experiment," answered Leanderthal smiling. "Do you not remember, Halali Pasha, when I requested you to row my motor boat out into the

[illegible] replied Pasha.

"And you wondered why I made the request, did you not?" said the scientist.

"Why, yes, it is true, I did," replied the Turk.

"And when, as you reported to me, you saw the motor boat, the gasoline tank explode and the boat sink beneath the waves, you thought it was an accident, did you not?" asked the Professor.

"Yes, I did," answered Halali Pasha.

"It was no accident, my friends. Sitting here in my laboratory I focused the vibrations upon the boat and destroyed it."

"Terrible indeed is your power," murmured Halali Pasha in an awed whisper.

Frau Hauptmann arose from the chair in which she was sitting, and bowing before the Professor, exclaimed, "Greater than the Adepts! Mightiest of the mighty! I salute thee!"

The aged Professor, his noble face aglow with the joy that genius finds in recognition, smiled down at her with the benignity of a father. "I thank you, Frau Hauptmann," he said, "and you, Halali Pasha, inasmuch as you recognize in me the power that God has given me. We have indeed cause for rejoicing over our labors," said the lady rising, "Auf wedersehn until we are again permitted to behold the wonders of the intellect."

And the two guests, still facing the Professor, backed out of the laboratory as from the presence of a king.

Could Professor Arvard have beheld their conge his intuitive perception, aware of the susceptibility to appreciation which frequently characterizes royalty, would have had no difficulty in solving the secret of the influence which Professor Leanderthal's associates seemed to have over him.

CHAPTER V.

THE ASSASSIN'S LAIR.

"WELL, Reverdy," said Frontivard, "I think we have drawn a blank at the scene of the tragedy; I find nothing significant here, not the vaguest trace of a clew, unless that wooded knoll over yonder might yield one."

The two secret service agents were standing on the platform of a station of the Electric north of Highland Park, which had been the scene of Professor Hermann Leanderthal's tragic death. Besides themselves on the platform there were a country constable, two other

plainclothes men, and a goodly number of persons whom morbid curiosity had drawn to the spot. On the road near the station stood the black limousine in which they had come with Kurt Van Arsdale, one of the boldest of their men, at the wheel.

"Faith," said Reverdy, looking towards the knoll Frontivard had indicated, "the assassin might have hidden over there, but even if he did so, he is not likely to have left much telltale evidence behind him."

"Oh, well, let's have a look anyway,' said Frontivard, leading the way across the tracks.

The knoll in question was at the edge of a considerable wood several hundred yards distant which paralleled the Electric's right of way.

The sun, near its setting, had sunk out of sight behind the trees on the hill, and as Frontivard and Reverdy climbed the gentle slope and disappeared among the trees that crowned the knoll the gathering shadows made a somber twilight all around them. When the two friends had advanced far enough among the trees to be out of sight from the station Frontivard paused.

"The assassin might very well have hidden here," he remarked. "He could easily have fired the fatal shot from his noiseless gun and then have run off and thru the wood with little risk of being seen. That is plain enough, but it does not help us any."

"Not a bit, said Reverdy. "What we've got to find is the man behind the man behind the gun."

"Yes; and the man, or men, behind that man," said Frontivard. "The circumstances point to Halali Pasha plainly enough; the connection between the attempted assassination of Penrhyn Warfield last night, when he heard a bullet whistle past his head, tho no sound of shots accompanied them, and the death of Herman Leanderthal by a bullet from a soundless gun, is sufficiently obvious; but behind Halali Pasha is one far greater than he."

"But who?"

"I don't know—yet. Hello! What's this?"

Stooping behind a bush, Frontivard picked something up from the turf and held it out to Reverdy. It was an empty shell. A moment later he was stooping down again examining the ground around the bush. Reverdy holding the empty shell in his hand, watched his friend eagerly.

"Come down here beside me, Reverdy," said Frontivard presently; and then, as his friend crouched beside him:

"Look yonder, there is a clear view of the station platform between the trees; and now look here at this footprint, deeply indented, and this other depression close beside it which a man's knee would just fit. Our man has knelt here and fired the shot that killed Herrmann Leanderthal and then made off thru the wood. See, there are more tracks, all pointing westward. Come, my friend, we have seen enough. But before we return to the city I think we will pay a visit to the 'Birches.'"

CHAPTER VI.
AT THE "BIRCHES."

AT THE "Birches" the residence of the murdered man, Frontivard and Reverdy found Penrhynn Warfield and McDermott in the drawing-room with Professor Otto Leanderthal. The demonstration of the destructive force of the mysterious vibrations to which the eminent scientist had given his name had taken place about midday, and it was not until more than four hours later that he had been informed of his brother's tragic death; Otto Leanderthal had, therefore, arrived at the "Birches" later than an hour before Frontivard and Reverdy. In fact, he had come downstairs to the drawing-room but a few minutes before their entrance, having been in attendance upon his daughter and his brother's widow, both of whom were under a physician's care, completely prostrated by grief and by the shock of the sinister and tragic events which had been the cause of it.

Penrhynn Warfield presented the detectives to the famous scientist. The young man had taken complete charge of all the preparations for the funeral, as well as of all household matters which the condition of Caroline Leanderthal and her aunt incapacitated them from attending to; an arrangement in which Otto Leanderthal then, and afterwards, placidly acquiesced.

As Frontivard took the Professor's hand he looked keenly at that remarkable man whom circumstances had made an object of such profound interest to the formidable secret agent. That Otto Leanderthal was deeply shocked by his brother's death and the circumstances attending it there could be no doubt; that the feeling was heightened by the acute differences which had existed between them was probable; yet Frontivard's penetrating mind was quick to note in the man who spoke to him with an air of abstraction—of detachment from the affairs of life, as if he dwelt in a remote world, where pure reason reigned in cold supremacy, a world upon the shores of which the tides of human joy and sorrow might ebb and flow, the storms of human passion beat in vain, scarce ruffling its serenity. Leanderthal evidently thought the newcomers had arrived upon some business connected with the funeral arrangements, and after a few observations commonplace and scarcely relevant, wandered out upon the piazza and down the steps to the lawn.

For some moments Penrhynn Warfield looked after his retreating form. "His attitude is most extraordinary, most inexplicable, is it not?" he said to Frontivard.

Frontivard smiled, his grim, fleeting smile.

"My friend," he said, "I have recently been reading a book of the Professor's—a monograph on Vibrations; I feel no shame in admitting that it is somewhat beyond me, but I am capable of appreciating that it is one of the most wonderful products of abstract intellect of all time; and I am not surprised that the brain which conceived it should have, in achieving the heights to which it towers, grown somewhat aloof from human sentiments and sympathies even the most intimate and tender."

Warfield shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of impatience.

"If that is one of the characteristics of genius," he said, "I am glad I'm not one. Even when I acquainted him briefly with the events of last night, his daughter's peril even did not move him perceptibly; in fact, he pooh-poohed the whole affair as the effect of Caroline's imagination, due to some slight indisposition coupled with her repugnance—unreasoning repugnance was the way her father put it—for Halali Pasha. In short, he very calmly, and very logically, made us both out to be fools, and me something of a liar; not that he put it just that way, but that was what it amounted to."

"Now what do you think of that?" said McDermott, who was an interested listener. "Those crooks sure have him faded."

But Frontivard saw no cause for levity in Warfield's statement of Otto Leanderthal's attitude towards the plotters against his daughter. "Mr. Warfield," he said gravely, "I have more than once observed that in the characters of men of genius there is frequently a singular simplicity and trustfulness as regards their fellow men, particularly those with whom they are familiar; therefore, while I do not for an instant question Professor Leanderthal's integrity, there is all the more need that his daughter should be closely guarded. Under no circumstances must she return to her father's roof at present, for I fear that her bereavement should make it easy to dissuade her from doing so in case she should entertain such an idea, which, after last night, I consider unlikely. This house is guarded night and day by my men; McDermott here I have appointed to be your special guard and hers; and let me enjoin upon you once more the utmost watchfulness and caution. Be always on your guard, let no seeming security lull you into forgetfulness, even for an instant, of ever threatening danger."

"Do you think the danger is then so great?" said Warfield earnestly.

"If it were not greatly so, my dear sir, we realize, so great that my purpose in coming here tonight was partly to emphasize the necessity for

Second Installment of a Startling Story of Mystery and Plotting in the Mines

In the Sign of the Purple Dagger

By J. Willard Lincoln

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What the Story Is About

THERE is a mysterious gas bomb explosion in shaft No. 4 of the Central Coal Company's mines, and every miner refuses to work until the mystery is cleared up. Porter, the superintendent, goes down to find the bons of No. 4 and discovers he is missing. He then discovers the existence of a society known as the Purple Dagger. When Porter, he cannot find out, altho his mine bosses know of its existence, and in fact, Redtop sweeney, one of them, is connected with it. He tries to harm Porter, but is quickly arrested and placed under guard. In the meanwhile Porter receives word that the company's cars of coal have been wrecked. No sooner does this news come to him than the munitions factory for which the coal was intended, telephones that there is only enough to last forty-eight hours. However, when the company tries to get the railroad office, it learns that the wires have been cut. The superintendent determines to find out who has done the damage, when an unknown messenger lets him know where to find the boss of No. 4.

Now go on with the present installment or you may go back and read the story from the start, you can do so by ordering back copies from newsdealers, our agents or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 24, dated June 15.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTRODUCING "NIGGER PETE."

AFTER Porter had read the message which had come to him in such an unusual manner, he handed it to Subway.

Several minutes the mine boss of No. 6 stared at it in his endeavor to decipher it, then he returned it to the superintendent.

"Well?" said Porter.

"Is it well?" asked Subway.

"Why not?"

"Because it looks to me like a 'plant.'"

"What makes you think so?"

"If I had no other reason the things that have happened since No. 4 this morning, the cutting of the telephone wires and the wrecking of the bridge over Little Bear Creek would be enough to convince me," asserted the boss of No. 6.

"You are too suspicious, Subway. I may be all wrong, but I've got a hunch that note really was signed, just as it says, by a friend."

"Not one chance in a thousand," returned Subway. "It's just a scheme to get you to the loneliest part of the whole Central settlement."

"But what good would that do?" demanded Porter.

In amazement the boss of No. 6 shaft looked at his superior as he heard these words and he asked himself what sort of man it could be who was dense as he seemed. He kept his thoughts to himself, however, and replied: "They could give you some boss there, I've given Big Jim, whatever that is."

"But, supposing they did, I still don't see how good it would do them," persisted the mine superintendent.

"Good Lord, man, can't you understand what it would mean? The excitement if you were put out of the way?" exclaimed Subway.

"Well, do, and that's why I don't see how the Purple Dagger or any one else could derive any advantage from making away with me."

A moment the boss of No. 6 stared at Porter, then he exclaimed: "I sure don't get you. You are the head of the company here, the one and only man the miners fear or hold in any respect. With you out of the way the devils who are at the bottom of this deal would have hell raging all over the place within thirty minutes."

"That's where you're wrong, Subway," declared the superintendent. "I'm just a cog in the machinery of the Central Coal Company, one way you and the other men are. If anything happened to me, you, as the ranking boss, would be in control until orders were sent down from the main offices at Chicago. That's one of the beauties of a corporation, one man more or less makes absolutely no difference. There is always some one ready, and qualified, to step into his shoes. So, you see, as a matter of fact, putting me out of the way wouldn't get the Purple Dagger anywhere."

Subway's answer was eloquent but short, for he simply grunted, "Huh."

"However, this isn't getting us anywhere," pronounced Porter, "and the thing for us to do now is to dispose of Redtop and to get word to the big boss at Chicago. What man can be sent to take a message thru to the station at the Junction?"

Before the boss of No. 6 could reply, however, the door of Big Jim's shack swung open and a man was shoved into the middle of the floor, which another entered quickly and closed the door behind him.

So you've found him," smiled Porter as he gazed at the bullet-headed, clothes-pin-like form of Long Louie, tho his remark was addressed to the boss of No. 5 shaft.

"Sure, I knew I would. Long Louie will do anything I tell him," grinned One Eye.

The expression on the face of the miner who had such a short time before made his superintendent ridiculous by the ancient and time-worn trick of slipping out of his coat, was anything but happy as he realized that for the time being at least, he was entirely at the power of the man whose authority he had flouted.

Suddenly his glance rested on the tied and bound body of Redtop lying like a log upon the floor. He stepped back in surprise.

"You see, we're getting the Purple Dagger gang one by one," exclaimed Porter, who had noted the look of consternation which settled on the miner's face as he recognized the captive.

Then turning to Subway he winked and continued:

"How long do you think it will take Handsome and the other boys to round up the rest of the gang?"

The question was asked merely for the psychological effect it might have upon the two thugs already in custody, to let them think that the identity of the members of the gang was known to the superintendent of the coal company and to his mine bosses.

Realizing this, Subway replied:

"It all depends on whether they're at home in the settlement or whether Handsome and the others are obliged to go to Nigger Pete's."

Nigger Pete's was situated some two miles from the mines, and was well known thruout the coal fields as one of the toughest joints in existence. Bloody fights were of daily and nightly occurrence, and many a man had disappeared from his former haunts immediately after he had entered the portals of the place.

Nigger Pete, as his nickname suggested, was a negro, big of stature, with a fist that had a punch in it like the proverbial kick of a mule.

And like the others of his race, he was an expert in the use of the razor, discarding, along with many undesirables which are the most vengeful and underhanded in the settling of their grievances, the use of any weapon for any reason that they "spoke too loud."

It was eminently fitting, therefore, that the village should be painted under the fear-inspiring sign of the Purple Dagger should choose as their headquarters the den of one who, like themselves, prepared to sneak up on their enemies and strike from behind without the least chance for a fair

way.) part that she was to when as mentioned.

Watching the face of Redtop closely, instead of the look of fear and surprise he hoped to see, Porter noted a revolving grin, while in the eyes there flashed, for a moment, the gleam of triumph.

Realizing that his shot had not hit the mark, Subway, giving no sign of disappointment, continued:

"What do you say to going down into No. 4 with us? We are waiting for the boys to get back?"

"Good!" returned Porter. "Shall we test out the gas on Redtop or Long Louie?"

"Long Louie," exclaimed One Eye. "He is—er—more sensitive. The gas would work on him quicker."

"All right," agreed Porter, "bring him along."

Quickly Subway and One Eye stretched out their hands to seize Long Louie, but before they could touch him he had dropped to his knees and raised his hands in supplication.

"Anything but that, anything but, that!" he moaned.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE REVELATIONS.

THE action and words of the terrified miner suggested to the men who were watching him that perhaps, after all, it might be better for them to postpone their descent into the mine until later and the superintendent was on the point of voicing his opinion when Redtop exclaimed, with a look of the utmost contempt:

"That'll do for you, Louie. Open your trap again and it will be the sorriest act you ever did in your long, worthless life."

"And that will do for you!" retorted Subway, striding toward the bound and roped miner and giving him a suggestive kick. "You are in a position to threaten a man, aren't you? Looks as tho you could carry out any threats you make, doesn't it? Do you expect the Purple Dagger to descend from the skies and cut the ropes that bind your hands and feet?"

"Never mind what I expect!" retorted Redtop. "I ain't talking to you. I'm talking to Louie," and, turning his head so that he could the better see the discomfited miner, he went on: "You heard what I said. You know me. I'm like Porter, here. I'm just a cog in the wheel. No matter what happens to me, things will go on just the same. There are men waiting to take up the work if I drop out. And you know what that means! You'll—"

"I said that would do for you!" roared Subway. And even as he spoke he dealt Redtop a blow on the jaw that effectually silenced him and would prevent his talking for some time to come.

"Sorry I had to hit a man when he was helpless," he said, apologetically, turning to the superintendent. "But there are times when it is necessary. Redtop can do more harm with his tongue than he can with his fists."

"Just so," commented One Eye. "Still, I think I'll put upper hand of Redtop when it comes to handling Louie. How about it, bo?" And he looked at the miner.

The fear that showed in Louie's face was sufficient answer for the others, for it was more eloquent than words.

"Well, shall we go down in No. 4?" asked Porter, to whom the words and action of the men with whom he thought he had been well acquainted were a revelation.

"Sure," returned One Eye. "But we'll take Long Louie with us."

Thus decided, the men moved toward the door, the boss of No. 5 leading the way.

"Is it—er—safe, I mean, wouldn't it be better to make sure that Long Louie won't give us the slip" inquired the superintendent.

"Don't fear," replied One Eye. "Besides," he threw an arm from his pocket to give emphasis to his words, "he knows that it would be useless to make any break for it."

"But will it be safe to leave Redtop here?" asked Porter. "You know we won't be able to lock the door."

"Who said anything about having him?" demanded One Eye.

"Then what do you propose to do with him?" inquired the superintendent.

"Take him with us, to be sure," answered the boss of No. 5. "Give a hand here, Subway," he continued, stooping down to get a firm hold of the unconscious miner.

Quickly the other boss obeyed and, picking him up, they started toward the door.

"Just a minute," exclaimed Porter. "I forgot. We can't go down until I've sent some one out to the Junction to send word that we're going. You and the men get everything ready and I'll be back in a few minutes. I'll just run up and send Lester."

"No need of your going," interposed One Eye. "Lester has already gone. When I was up after Louie, I sent him out."

"You men are making me look foolish," confessed Porter, with a voice to match his thoughts. "Here I, who am supposed to be in charge of the Central outfit, find things going on of which I never even dreamed, and, what's more, at a time for me to act, I find that you already have done so."

"Never you mind," said Subway. "We all know you—and it's because we do know you that we're trying to help out. You said a while ago that we'd done wrong in not telling you about what was going on. I reckon you're right. But the trouble was that we didn't know you were up against with the railroad and the ordnance people—and we wanted to take some of the burden off your shoulders."

"If Big Jim hadn't gone off like a fool, all by himself, this business of the morning never would have happened."

Touched by the words of his mine boss, the superintendent was on the point of replying when the sound of hoof beats reached their ears and, looking out the door, Subway exclaimed: "Here's Happy, from the Junction train office."

Eagerly the others in the shanty pressed toward the door and as they looked they beheld a horse, dripping with lather, jerked up in front of the steps as a mud-begrimed man sprang from its back.

"Porter here?" asked the newcomer, adding, before any one could answer, "They told me at the office that he was."

"Here I am," said the superintendent, going out to the platform.

"Good. I've got a bundle of messages for you," and he held out to Porter a sheaf of telegrams.

Tearing open the envelopes, the superintendent read dispatch after dispatch.

Intently Subway and One Eye watched their superior's face as he glanced from one yellow sheet of paper to another and as they beheld a smile spread over his features, their alarm relaxed.

But it was with keen disappointment that they saw him thrust the papers into his pocket, without giving them an inkling as to the contents.

"That's looking better?" hazarded Subway, a trifle nettled to think that, under the circumstances, their superintendent didn't take them into his confidence.

"They sure are," replied Porter. And the tone in which he uttered the words was a relief to the others. Then, noting the expressions on their faces, he added: "Sorry I can't tell you now. But Redtop and Long Louie both have cars—and what they don't know won't hurt them."

"Nothing to be granted, Eye."

"Perhaps, and perhaps not," returned the superintendent. "You remember he played possum at one time. And I'm not going to take any chances. But I'll tell you what the messages say as soon as things are right.

"Happy," he continued to the messenger, "go over to my house and get my horse, and then ride for all you are worth back to the Junction and take this message." And turning, Porter went over to the crude shanty desk and wrote:

"Preston Gibbs, Bulwark Building, Chicago: Wires received. Will attend to do our part. PORTER."

Quickly giving the dispatch to the messenger, he said to the others: "Now we'll get down in No. 4."

And while Happy started off to get the fresh horse to return to the Junction, the men started for the hole which controlled the bucket of the mine.

Just as they were getting into the bucket, Happy ran back.

"I'll ask you to tell Porter, that we boys at the Junction have an idea or

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH SEVERAL THINGS ARE EXPLAINED.

WHILE these events had been transpiring at the mines of the Central Coal Company, a very different scene was being taken place at the ordnance plant, at the home of Gibbs, in Chicago, and at Nigger Pete's.

When the news of the wreck of the freight had been flashed to the night manager at the munitions factory, that individual had lost no time in calling up the president of the concern and informing him.

The satisfaction which shone on the face of the president as he heard the report would have been evidence to any of the men connected with the Central Coal Company that he had been instrumental in, or at least had cognizance of, the plans to have the car of coal which sent the freight train, with its ten carloads of coal, crashing to the bottom of the forty-foot embankment at Airview.

And their conviction would have undoubtedly been strengthened had they to hear him exclaim, as he set down the telephone instrument after receiving the message from the plant: "Well, that settles the Central people. It will be some proud moment for me when I tell Gibbs and Porter exactly who I am."

But even as he gloated over the wreck of the coal cars which he firmly believed would give him control of the coal company, two of the occurrences were being telephoned to the head of the latter concern in Chicago.

Well did Gibbs know of the hostility of the railroad and the ordnance concern to the Central Coal Company. The former, as we have explained, was of long standing. And, as he happened to know, the ordnance concern was really a subsidiary of the U. S. Railroad, which was also unable to see the money being put out by the Government in munitions contracts without getting its fingers in the pie.

Armed with this knowledge and being thoroly versed in the mercilessness with which corporations make war upon one another, especially when they are striving to bring about the ruin of what they consider a weaker and rival concern, Gibbs had acted accordingly.

His first move had been to visit in disguise the settlement at the Central Mines, where he got in touch with three

men he found he could trust. And these men were Subway, Big Jim and One Eye.

From time to time he had managed to meet them, all the while keeping his identity concealed, and had learned from them of a sinister influence that was making itself felt at the mines.

And on this same trip, after visiting the others, he had gone to the end of the X. & Y. Railroad as a section man, moving about from one point to another until he had covered the entire 240 miles from the mines to the ordnance company's plant.

Just as he had made friends with the three mine shaft bosses, so he picked out the most reliable of the railroad men and from "Lightning" Martin, an engineer, and "Bugs" Dawson, a brakeman, he received the very latest information of all that was transpiring on the Airview division of the X. & Y.

Consequently, word scarcely had been received at the Junction of the wreck of the coal train when Bugs, who was on another freight waiting for a passenger train to pass, heard of it, and by noon had he heard of it than he rushed to a telephone and relayed the information to Gibbs at his home in Chicago.

No need was there to tell the president of the Central Coal Company what the failure to deliver the ten carloads of coal to the ordnance company meant. Even better than Porter, he knew the forces that were at work against the Central and he also knew that the reserve supply of the munitions plant.

At all cost, he realized that the ten carloads which were due to arrive there during at the foot of the embankment in Airview must be replaced and the delivery made to the munitions plant at the earliest possible moment.

Fear of some such event long had lurked in Gibbs' mind and he had taken preliminary steps to counteract it. As a result of his foresight, no sooner had he heard the excited report from Bugs than soon conclude its tale of the wreck than he called up the president of the Southern Coal Company, the owner of the latter concern were less than one hundred miles from the munitions plant and the president was under heavy obligations to Gibbs.

Consequently, it took but a few minutes of telephone conversation for Gibbs to arrange for the purchase and immediate shipment of ten carloads of Southern coal to the ordnance company.

But with this accomplishment, the president of the Central did not stop. The information which had come to him from Big Jim on the morning of that very day had filled him with forebodings. Altho it did not say so in so many words, it hinted at sabotage in the mines and forecast a probable strike of the miners, if nothing worse.

Such a warning had Gibbs considered it that he had made his plans to

[illegible] coal train was [illegible] to coincide with a walkout, or strike, of the miners.

As the night had worn on without any alarming news from Porter, his fears had been allayed to some extent. But it was part of his duty as president of the Central to be prepared for any emergency and, as a result, he had summoned to his offices the head of a strikebreaking company.

"Now, he had said to the man known thruout the Middle West as "Squatty McTague, the two-fisted Irishman," "I want you to get together a bunch of, say, two hundred men who can dig coal and who had rather fight than eat. Can you do it?"

"Surest thing you know," the Irishman had responded. "How soon will you be wanting them?"

"That's something I can't say just now," the president of the Central had replied. "It may be tomorrow and it may be a week."

"Rats!" snorted Squatty, in disgust. "I thought you wanted to talk business with me."

"And so I do."

"And yet you say it might be a week before you'll be wanting me?"

"Or a day," corrected Gibbs. "I wanted to find out if you could find me the men when I called for them. Sort of give you a chance to look around and get them, you know. Coal miners can't be picked up anywhere, at any time—remember that."

"They don't have to be past masters at the game, do they?" inquired Squatty.

"No."

"Then two hours will be time enough for me—whenever you need me. And picking up that, the two-fisted strikebreaker walked toward the door. As he reached it, he turned and said: "Look here, Gibbs, you'll need some railroad men, too?"

Concealing his surprise at the question, the president of the Central replied: "What makes you think that?"

"Oh, it was just a hunch," grinned Squatty. "You'll be needing about a hundred of them, too, I'm thinking. Anyhow, I'll have them ready as well as the miners. Remember, two hours' notice is all I ask." And then, his enthusiasm for trouble getting the better of him, he added: "Man, but I tell you this will be some beautiful scrap."

"What do you mean?" inquired Gibbs, surprised by the words out of his usual stoicism. "What makes you so certain there is going to be a fight with the railroad?"

"Oh, nothing," returned the master strikebreaker, with a grin. "Nothing, nothing at all—except that the X. & Y. called me up this morning and asked me if I would give them two hundred men to work on the Airview division for a month."

The words were a shock to the president of the coal company, showing as they did that the railroad was willing to go to any lengths in order to crush the Central. And some of his anxiety showed in his voice as he asked: "And what did you say?"

"I told them that every man I had was engaged for two months," returned Squatty, an amused light in his eyes. "But I didn't tell them that if I had a million men I wouldn't let one of them to the X. & Y. for a thousand dollars a minute.

"That bunch makes me sick. Every one of them, from old Bronson, the high cockaleorum, down ought to be fed to the bars—and if the Central tea party only pans out like it's billed they will be, or I don't know Preston Gibbs."

For several minutes the president of the sorely pressed coal company looked into the eyes of the "two-fisted Irish man" standing across the room from him.

"Squatty," he finally said, "I always did like you—and I like you more than ever now. If—"

"Never mind the 'ifs!'" the strikebreaker returned. "Just remember that my middle name is 'Johnny on the Spot'—and give me two hours' leeway. Man dear, I'm itching for a chance at that fight!" And without waiting for more words he left.

The arrival of the message from Bugs Dawson had suggested to Gibbs that the time for invoking the assistance of Squatty had arrived. Indeed, he felt that it would be safer to have three hundred men in whom he could trust at the mines at the end of the week and, accordingly, he had quickly entered into communication with the doughty Irishman.

As a result, hours before the gas bomb had started the trouble at the Nigger Pete settlement, a special train, bearing four cars filled with men who, like their leader, preferred fighting to other work was on the way to the Central's mines.

They did not, however, travel over the X. & Y. The acreage of ownership the road made it necessary for the crowd to travel by any means it could find some twenty miles across country which Preston Gibbs arranged for transportation to be awaiting them when they should reach the next to the last stop in their journey.

By the time all this had been brought about, however, the defection had occurred at Nigger Pete and when Gibbs tried to get into touch with his superintending that the road had broken out, the president of the Central had lost no time in briefly outlining by telegraph the steps he had taken to pay for the information which had been contained in the dispatches Happy had brought to Porter.

At the dive of Nigger Pete a far different scene was transpiring.

In one of the back rooms, that often had been the rendezvous of thugs and plotters, sat a short, thin man with a face like that of a squirrel's, sharp and unctuous. Across from him, puffing a thick, black cigar and as the night wore on into the early morning he began to glance nervously at his watch.

Several times Nigger Pete, who considered that so important a guest should not be served by a stranger, came to the door and asked if the little man wanted anything, only to be dismissed with the curt information that he would be called if required.

Long before the other inmates of the den had lapsed into noisy and drunken slumber and the bartender behind the bar over the sinkhole that bordered on the uncanny. At last, however, as the blackness of the night gave way to the first green of morning, there sounded the hurried opening of a door, followed by the tramp of feet.

Springing from his chair with a suddenness that betrayed the strain under which he had been living, the man in the back room thrust his head forward, listening.

As the footsteps sounded louder and louder and were coming in his direction, he smiled for an instant, then sank back into his chair as the door of his room was thrown open and two men looking men entered.

"Everything's all set," grunted the larger of the two, looking about for something to drink.

"Any trouble?" demanded the man who had been waiting.

"Naw."

"You left Fritz and Hans in the shaft?"

"Me mustn't too dry to talk," returned the spokesman.

Taking the hint, tho it was evident from the expression that plowed on his face that he little relished it, the small man pressed the button.

With a quickness that told the master plotter Nigger Pete had been in close proximity, the owner of the dive appeared.

By a wave of his hand, the little man ordered liquor for his two confederates and sat in moody silence until their thirst had been appeased.

"Now," said he, at last, "perhaps you can talk. You'd better tell me what's been done before you get so full of that squirrel stuff you can't speak. You left Fritz and Hans in No. 4?"

"Sure—didn't you tell us to?" growled the spokesman, as tho he were warding off a reprimand.

"I did. And Big Jim?"

"The note reached him, all right."

"Did you—er—"

"Naw."

"Why not?"

"Because we done enough, without chasing Jim."

"But—"

"No buts 'about it. I tell you we done what you told us—but I wish to God we hadn't."

"Nonsense. Here, take some more of this whisky."

No urging did either of the two plug uglies need, and when they had helped themselves copiously, the little man continued his questioning.

The answers he received were not satisfactory to him, however, and he snapped:

"See here. You seem to forget who I am. Remember, I hold your lives in my hand. When I ask you a question, I want you to answer it."

"Oh, you do, do you?" sneered the other thug, deeming it time to get into the conversation. "Well, you can just get this in your head right now—what you told us. Now we want our money."

"Why?"

"First, because you promised it and second, because this ain't going to be a particularly healthy part of the country for you and the Rat from now on. Come across!"

Sufficiently versed in the handling of men to know when he had driven his minions far enough, the little man reached in his pocket and drew forth two rolls of bills, tossing one to each of his companions.

Eagerly the men seized the greenbacks and began to count them.

"Oh, it's all right," sneered the other.

"Maybe, but I wouldn't trust your word for it," retorted the man who had been called the Rat.

The words roused the little man to fury. From their actions and words he realized that, sufficient as was the sum as his tools were in no pleasant or friendly frame of mind toward him. Indeed, they seemed to be in a mood to vary on the state where, if they fell into the hands of the authorities or of any of the loyal men of the Central Company, they might lose their jobs and two things that would be distinctly embarrassing, to say the least, to him.

Well did he know that, like Indians, the only good plotters are dead plotters.

Quickly and quickly his hand dropped to his right coat pocket and [illegible]

"I said 'get into that bucket.' Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Then hurry. We haven't got all day to fool with you."

The thought of the unknown fate that might come to him was too much for Long Louie. With a groan, he threw himself on the ground and blubbered:

"You can do what you want with me. I ain't going down that shaft."

"That's where you're wrong," returned One Eye. "Give a hand here, Subway."

Desperately the elongated miner struggled, but in vain.

As the he were a baby, the two strong bosses picked him up and in no gentle manner threw him into the bucket.

"You see he don't get out, One Eye," exclaimed Subway. "I'll man the windlass."

Suddenly Long Louie stood up.

"If I die from going down this shaft, the rest of you will, too. If anything happens to me, the Purple Dagger will cut the black hearts of you."

"Oh, shut up!" grinned One Eye. "You'd better hold your breath. You may need all you've got in your lungs. Let her run, Subway."

"Right-o," returned the boss of No. 6.

But like a flash of lightning the windlass spun to the weight of the dropping bucket was drowned in the piercing shriek that came from Long Louie as he disappeared below the surface of the earth.

Fast as the rope ran out, however, Subway had the windlass in perfect control and when fifty feet had been reeled off, he checked the bucket.

"Long enough," Long Louie time to get his breath and his nerve," he announced.

"It doesn't seem right, exactly, to send him down there when we're not certain whether the fumes have evaporated," declared Porter.

"Oh, you needn't worry about that," said Subway. "I'm not the way he does, but he is too old a miner not to remember that all he has to do is to pull the check rope if things get too bad."

In silence the miners watched for a jerk on the rope which serves the miners who descend into the bowels of the earth. Quite a little lifeline it is to the undersea diver. And when, at the end of several minutes, no signal had been made upon it, they each experienced a feeling of relief.

"Reckon I'll let her run some more," announced Subway and suited the action to the word.

A hundred, then a hundred and fifty feet ran out with no signal from the miner. Then another two hundred and fifty—and then the bucket rope suddenly slackened.

"That's the first level," announced One

[illegible] responding.

"Perhaps Long Louie's jumped out," suggested Porter.

"No chance," returned Subway. "Besides, Redtop's in the bucket and his orders were to stay with him. There's some obstruction." And without waiting for the command from the superintendent, he began to wind up the rope.

Quickly Porter and One Eye sent their assistance. For several minutes they turned the handle, all the while keeping their eyes on the bucket rope and their ears alert for any word that might come from Long Louie.

At last the bucket was at the mouth of the shaft and, while Subway locked the windlass, Porter and One Eye went to the miner.

"Well, you didn't die, did you?" grinned the boss of No. 5, as he reached out and grabbed hold of the miner's right arm.

"No."

"How was it?"

But Long Louie surlily refused to make any answer.

"What caused the bucket to stop at the first level?" asked Subway.

Again Long Louie returned no reply.

"Seems to have lost his tongue," chuckled One Eye. "That'll be a good thing for the Spider and the other kiddies. But it'll seem strange to them, I'm thinking, to hear their daddy cursing and swearing."

"If he ever gets home, you mean," said Subway. "It doesn't look very strong and the term he'll get in jail for last night's work may be the end of him."

The look of terror which settled on the miner's face at the words of the boss of No. 6 was eloquent.

"I suppose we might let him off if he told us what stopped the bucket at the first level," said Porter.

"What's the use of asking him?" returned Subway. "He'll long on it didn't kill him to go, I reckon it won't kill the rest of us. Here come Tiny and Handsome and Lefty. We'll leave them to wind the windlass while we go down. Get out, Louie, and help me lay Redtop out on the ground."

Quickly the superintendent gave the necessary orders as the other bosses, whom he had sent to round up the loyal miners, joined them.

"The men say they'll hear what you have to say, Super," announced Lefty, "but I don't think you'll be able to get them down into the mines for some days. And I suppose that will mean the winding-up of the Central."

"Not at all," replied Porter. "I don't

CHAPTER XI.

THE DESCENT INTO THE UNKNOWN.

"GET in, Louie," commanded One Eye when the luckless miner and Peter Redtop had been placed in the bucket.

Hurriedly the human clothes pin glanced about him, evidently sizing up the possibility of making a dash for liberty, preferring almost anything that might happen to him to the descent into the mine.

The boss of No. 5, however, was ready for any such move.

Stepping close to the miner, he exclaimed:

In Silence First One Body, Then Another Was Lifted From the Iron Bucket.

care very much whether the men go back to work or not.

only aimed. The bosses but Long Louie, and to Redtop, who had, for the second time, regained consciousness and was watching and listening to his captors with keen interest.

"Why not?" asked Tiny, unable to control his curiosity. "From what you told us the president of the ordnance company said, I thought the jig would be up unless the men got back at work today."

"So did I, when I told you," replied the superintendent, "but since then I've heard from Gibbs. Before noon there will be a couple of hundred men here to go into the mines."

Pausing a moment to let the import of his words sink into his hearers, Porter continued: "Besides, we'll get along all right if we don't get out any coal for a week. But we're losing time, boys. There's a lot to be done and the sooner we find out conditions in No. 4, the sooner we can set about fixing things."

Realizing the force of the words, the bosses controlled their curiosity and, while the superintendent, Subway, One Eye and Long Louie climbed into the bucket, Lefty and Tiny manned the windlass, and Handsome mounted guard over the trussed up Redtop.

"Let her run till she gets just above the first level," instructed Subway. "We'll give you the signal what to do then."

Near the top of the shaft the men suffered no inconvenience from the gas fumes, but as they passed the two hundred foot mark they began to cough and sneeze.

As they felt the bucket stop, in accordance with instructions, Subway drew out his pocket flashlight and, with the others, peered down into the black maw below them.

As the little ray of light swept the sides of the shaft, Porter suddenly cried out:

"There are beams across the shaft."

Almost at the same time the superintendent made his announcement, the others caught sight of them.

"So they worked their devil business from the first level, eh?" exclaimed Subway. "I suppose they lost their nerve."

One Eye, however, had seized the signal rope and sent word to the men at the windlass to "lower with caution," taking care to call for a stop just as the bottom of the bucket touched the beams.

Quickly getting out, they examined both entrances to the level and, to their infinite relief, found no damage had been done to the shoring nor could they detect any sign of danger.

Returning to the bucket, they climbed in and Subway had given the signal to wind them up when there was a deafening roar, followed by a gust of fumes so dense and suffocating that the men in the car dropped in a heap, unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

FORTUNATE was it, indeed, for the men in the bucket that Subway had given the signal to haul them up before the gas bomb had exploded, for the fumes had overpowered them so suddenly that it would have been impossible for any of them to have sent the word to hoist and they would have suffocated, a grim tribute to the Purple Dagger.

Many of the miners, having recovered from their first panic and feeling reassured by the messages Lefty, Tiny and Handsome had sent out among them, had made their way to No. 4, eager to learn what was going on and to find out anything that had been discovered in regard to the gas bomb.

And their excitement became all the more intense when, upon their arrival at the shaft, shortly after the trio had descended they heard from the three bosses manning the windlass that Porter and the others were down in the mine, investigating. Combined with the sight of Redtop bound hand and foot and under guard of Handsome it set their excitement at the fever pitch.

As the rope reached a point that indicated the bucket was so close to the mouth of the shaft that the men in it ought to be visible, and the eager watchers behind no sign, they were amazed.

"There's something wrong!" exclaimed Tiny. "You fellows hold the crowd back and I'll see what it is."

The miners, however, knew as well as the bosses that all was not well, and it was with reluctance that they obeyed the command to fall back. But there was that in the eyes of Lefty and Handsome, as they issued their orders, which was not to be gainsaid and the throng drew back until fully a hundred feet lay between it and the shaft.

and fellows to their senses, the bosses ordered some one to go to the store for the aromatics.

"Here's Mrs. Doc," announced the crowd as the wife of the physician forced her way thru the gathering.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Peabody, as she dropped to her knees beside Porter.

"That's what we don't know," replied Tiny. "They was down in the shaft and gave us the signal to haul up—and when we got them to the mouth of the shaft, they was like this. We've tried water and we've tried the smelling salts you sent. But they don't do any good. We've just sent for some ammonia."

As the boss of No. 3 finished his explanation, the wife of the superintendent arrived and it was repeated for her benefit while Mrs. Peabody exclaimed: "Lefty, send some one to the office to telephone to the Junction for Dr. Peabody."

"No use," returned the mine boss. "Wires have been cut."

To the throng of miners the statement was news indeed, and they fell to discussing it and its probable meaning in low voices, altho they kept their eyes upon the little group at the mouth of the shaft.

"Then send a messenger," ordered the doctor's wife.

At the words, a score of men sprang from the crowd and offered their services. But only three were selected.

"Ride as tho your lives depended on it!" instructed Lefty, as the trio set off to find horses.

"I'll give fifty dollars to the man who reaches Dr. Peabody first!" exclaimed Mrs. Porter, who had dropped to her knees beside the body of her unconscious husband. "Oh, men, do hurry!"

The gas fumes had so distorted the faces of the four victims that their mouths were slightly open.

In holding the salts under Subway's nose, in his attempt to revive him, Handsome's hand trembled and some of the liquid from the bottle dropped into the open mouth.

Came a sudden twitching of his features, then a gasp.

"Good! Put a few more drops into his mouth," exclaimed Mrs. Peabody, as she noted the result of the mine boss' clumsiness.

Quickly Handsome obeyed.

The twitching of Subway's face became more violent—then his eyes slowly opened.

"Here, let me try it," cried the wife of the superintendent, reaching for the bottle.

Willingly Handsome surrendered it to her.

With feverish haste Mrs. Porter, too anxious to wait to administer the liquid drop by drop, poured some into the open mouth of her husband.

[illegible] caught sight of the huddled bodies on the floor of the bucket.

In his excitement his voice, which he had meant to pitch only at a tone that would reach his fellows at the windlass, carried to the constantly growing throng and there was a rush forward.

Quickly locking the crank, Lefty and Handsome sprang to the shaft, the miners close at their heels.

In silence first one body, then another, was lifted from the iron bucket and laid upon the ground, while the bosses and two of the more experienced miners felt anxiously for the heart beats that would indicate life still remained.

To the waiting throng the length of the examination seemed endless.

But at last Tiny, who was bending over Porter, shouted:

"He's alive! The super's alive! Quick, somebody, get some water."

Willing agents rushed into Big Jim's shanty, returning with a pail of water.

Quickly Tiny dashed some of it in the face of the superintendent, but to his dismay, there was no reaction.

The same treatment was given to the two bosses and to Long Louie, but with no better results.

"Where's Doc Peabody?" shouted Handsome. Then, as no one answered, he commanded: "Some of you run to his house and bring him on the jump. The rest of you move out and give these men air."

Again came the interval of suspense while the miners and the bosses waited for the coming of the company's physician and, for lack of anything better to do, Tiny and his fellows continued to dash water in the faces of the unconscious men.

"The Doc's at the Junction," gasped a young miner, out of breath from running.

At the words, a groan rose from the throng.

"But Mrs. Doc, she sent some smelling salts," added the messenger, producing a bottle from his pocket, adding, "and she's coming herself. So's Mrs. Porter."

Making no reply, Lefty snatched the bottle from the hand of the messenger and, removing the cork, applied it first to the nose of the superintendent, then to the others.

Still there was no reaction.

"Get some ammonia!" shouted a voice from the crowd of miners.

Eager to try anything that might be of service in restoring their superior [illegible]

"Hooray! They're all [illegible] several of the miners. And the words were greeted with cheers and cries.

Quickly drops of the liquid were given to One Eye with results equally as satisfactory as on Porter and the boss of No. 3.

But altho the stricken men soon became able to move their heads, they had not strength enough to lift them up and they could not talk, tho they made desperate attempts.

"Bring them all to your house," commanded Mrs. Porter, when it became evident that time would be required to effect further restoration.

"Better to ours," said Mrs. Peabody. "All the doctor's medicines and instruments are there. It will be nearer."

Willing hands lifted the men who had been thru such a terrible ordeal. The bodies, however, were so limp that it was difficult to carry them.

"Some of you hike to the office and get stretchers," commanded Lefty. And pending their arrival, the men were again placed on the ground.

Quickly the stretchers were brought, a body placed upon each and then the cortege, so suggestive of a funeral procession, moved slowly away from the mouth of the shaft.

And as they went, Redtop shouted:

"That ain't a marker to what will happen! You mark my word!"

But his cry of triumph was speedily silenced by a blow in the mouth so powerful that it caused the blood to trickle from his lips.

The climax to this story of strange happenings will come in the concluding installment, to be published in The Ledger next week. The plot which is behind all these events will be exposed and you will be told who is the mysterious Purple Dagger and its object.

Lots of Talk.

"There will be nothing but war talk heard all over the world for many years to come," said an author. "And our various armchair and cozy corner campaigners will be lucky if they don't make a lot of military mistakes.

"It was the same thing during and after the Civil War. I remember asking a young lady at a musical in Boston back in those distant days if she didn't think Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass' was superb.

"'Superb,' she cried. 'It certainly is superb! Why, my two brothers are in that regiment!'"

A Novel Young Lady From Nowhere

By P. Y. Gunnison

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She came into the lawyer's office with a perfectly plausible story and immediately he became involved in a most astounding maze of mystery and adventure.

HIDING overnight in one of Chicago's best known hotels, William Nelson, lawyer, was compelled to admit that he was involved in a serious escapade. He hadn't the slightest idea how it was going to end, where it was going to end, when it was going to end, and for the matter of that—contrary to his customary discretion—he felt at moments that he did not care.

The affair had begun one evening about dusk while he was in his office alone. With his long legs crossed over the corner of his desk, his lithe body adjusted to a comfortable position, and the smoke from his cigar wreathing upward, he was engaged in the pleasant pastime of patting himself on the back, figuratively—indulging satisfying thoughts that at the age of thirty he and the world were getting along finely.

Came a knock upon the door. He wheeled about to greet, framed into the bewitching brown eyes of a young woman. Her name was Mary Buford, she said, after he had given her a seat, and a few moments later she told him a most astounding story. It was buncombe from beginning to end, but he hadn't known it then and sounded plausible. Having no reason to doubt her, he conjectured that the next day would dawn upon capital suit and that he consented to deposit in his office safe valuable papers she gave him sealed in an envelope.

At the moment of handing them to him she said in a perceptibly louder voice and in distinct tones, that they were too valuable to be carried about, and a moment later uttered an exclamation of affright. In answer to his interrogating glance she whispered that some one was in the outer office. Mr. Nelson, looking out into the hallway, saw a large man rounding the elevator shaft on his way down the stairs.

Miss Buford admitted a man had been following her, and she asked if Mr. Nelson would not walk with her to the corner where she would get a car.

As they emerged from the building the man stood just without the doorway. Miss Buford's hand fluttered to Mr. Nelson's arm. When they had traversed two hundred feet they stopped and looked back. At that precise moment the man was starting after them. Miss Buford's brown eyes looked appealingly into Mr. Nelson's blue ones. His blood quickened, his sense of chivalry awoke, and he said he would go back and find out what the man wanted. They were then standing in front of a large department store, the aisles of which

Nelson's approach the man seemed to spring to life. Mr. Nelson put out a detaining hand, clutching the man by the sleeve and retarding him perhaps twenty seconds; then the fellow broke away and dashed into the department store. But Miss Buford was gone.

Amused at the way she had outwitted the man, Mr. Nelson laughed good-naturedly and wended his way home. The next morning he was told over the telephone that his personal safe had been broken into and its contents strewn over the floor. Attesting to this fact he discovered that nothing had been taken away. But the envelope Miss Buford had given him, and upon which he had written her name, had been torn open. Glancing into it he saw five neatly folded advertising sheets such as a popular magazine, they being the important papers she had wished him to so zealously guard. And the wealth of which he had dreamed vanished into thin air. But there remained something far more interesting—a woman and a mystery.

He discovered during the noon hour that he was being followed by the strange men. Perplexed and exasperated, he returned to his office to think things over, and reached it just as Miss Buford called him over the telephone.

"Has anything happened?" she asked.

"No," Nelson hesitated. "Yes," he finally said, "my office safe has been broken into."

She laughed delightedly. "And were my papers taken?"

"The envelope was broken open," he told her.

"I knew it was going to be," she announced. "I left it there for that purpose."

Mr. Nelson was dumfounded.

"You did?" he cried, being unable to think of anything else to say.

"Sure thing," she returned in charming vernacular. "But I am sorry for your safe. I will pay the damages; and I hope you will forgive me for deceiving you."

"Did that fellow catch up with you?" he asked.

"He did not," she cried. "I lost him in the store. Isn't that good for a stranger in little old Chicago?"

Mr. Nelson smiled into the 'phone. The gleeful note in her voice was contagious. "I can't guess what you are up to," he said, "but I hope it is all right. If you get into trouble, let me know. Perhaps I can help you."

"It is the other fellow who is in trouble," she laughed. "Only—I am having the dickens of a time keeping out of his way. Good-by. Don't forget me."

"Wait," he cried, but too late. She had rung off.

More mystified than ever, Mr. Nelson sat down in a feeble effort to fathom the mystery. The woman interested him, even as detectives harassed and annoyed him; for they followed him by day and by night. They put him to bed and got up with him every morning, seemingly ever present in every hour of the day. And he knew less about the strange young woman than they did. On the eve of determining to bring their surveillance to an end he was deterred by the receipt of a theater ticket inclosed in an envelope addressed in feminine handwriting. It called for an end seat in a center aisle in the middle of the house. No line or word of explanation came with it.

Viewing it with whimsical eyes his thoughts naturally centered upon Miss Buford as being the sender—and it was for the play that night. After a time he came to regard it as a message—an invitation which called for his acceptance; yet he was sure she would not have sent it had she known detectives were following him. He was of a mind to tear it up—to ignore it. Some second thoughts deterred him and he put it up on his desk. She wanted him, he reasoned, or she would never have sent it, and perhaps the matter was important. He finally put it in his pocket and left his office in the full assurance that he was being followed.

Later, when he reached the theater, he congratulated himself that he had cleverly eluded his pursuers—for there was certainly none in sight that he could see. But then Mr. Nelson looked only for Americans. He failed to notice the Teutonic person who retreated only when the inner doors of the theater closed upon him. Neither did he know that other men were watching the man who was watching him and that the latter soon was joined by others of a Teutonic cast.

Thus Mr. Nelson and Miss Buford walked into a colossal surprise when they emerged from the theater. Except for the slight tightening of her fingers upon his arm, she gave no sign of recognition of danger as, wedging thru the departing throng, she commented upon the play with the lightness and laughter of a woman who had neither care nor worry to distress her.

At that moment Mr. Nelson admired her intensely. She aroused his sympathy and his spirit of defense; yet he didn't know who it was he wanted to protect, nor why. She intimated during the play that she wanted to tell him something which was important, and to ask his advice, and he hoped to learn something of her, providing they could elude their pursuers. He believed they would be able to do that somehow in some way not at all associated with the sensational manner in which it was brought about.

Entering a car they were driven, at her request, to a popular cabaret. Presently two men entered and selected a table between them and the door. He recognized them as two of his shadows. Miss Buford's lips slightly tightened. But she laughed, and she gayly sipped the glass of wine in front of her, and Mr. Nelson thought she was splendid. While he wondered what the end was going to be, she decided it. Selecting a moment when a waiter was busy placing dishes before the detectives and opening a bottle of beer for them, she suddenly arose. Mr. Nelson also got up—in surprise. Quickly seizing two dishes of hot food, Miss Buford dashed them in the faces of their pursuers and fled into the night.

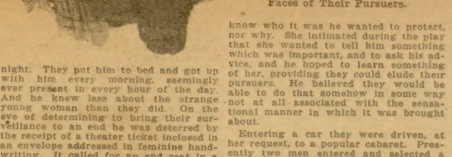
The commotion within the cabaret extended within a moment to the street. Something was happening there. Miss Buford's sudden assault, stunning those who beheld it as well as her victims, gave her what she evidently aimed at—a moment the best of them and the fraction of a start. Her exit from the building was as tumultuous and as well executed as was her action in it. Mr. Nelson, followed by excited men and women, reached the sidewalk in time to see a gray car—the property of an eminent physician—swiftly turn the nearest corner with Miss Buford at the wheel. And at the curb a black, slender car was getting under way. In it was the bulky man, accompanied by a younger and slighter built man, whose head was bleeding profusely from a wound inflicted by a wrench in the hands of Miss Buford. The detectives whom she had assaulted sprang into another car and they, too, started in a mad chase to capture the daring girl.

Mr. Nelson was profoundly moved. He also was profoundly bewildered. In the midst of his stupendous astonishment he heard a voice inquiring for the lady's companion. Looking about, he discovered that it came from a uniformed policeman. Hoping that he had been recognized, Mr. Nelson slunk away and fled precipitately.

That was the reason he was hiding in the hotel overnight, and why he had just admitted to himself that he was undoubtedly involved in a most perplexing affair. Even if their fellow guests or the attendants in the cabaret did not know him, the chauffeur who had been assaulted did, so in any event unpleasant consequences were likely to ensue. And the papers, no doubt, would feature the incident. The thought set him a disagreeable sensation, and his repose was not repose at all—it was a nightmare. Yet, despite his abhorrence for notoriety, and his sense of the seeming unfitness of Miss Buford's conduct, he found his sentiments singularly loyal and defensive. Some imperative necessity had driven her to do what she had done, and perhaps the newspapers would get at the truth quicker than he could.

The next morning he eagerly scanned the papers for news, but not a line, not a word, did any of them have about the affair. His perplexity was added to by the thought that perhaps some powerful influence had suppressed the story, so he put down his paper in the sudden conclusion that he was facing more than an escapade of a harum scarum young woman. Thru some mental twist he had not considered the possibility of Miss Buford being captured. He pictured the men trailing her were police and she had been, that might account for the influence used to silence the papers. The thought hastened his movements and carried him rapidly to his office, for if she were captured he felt that she would send for him.

Having heard nothing by nine o'clock he concluded she had made good her escape, and he had turned to the matter of an answer to a complaint when excited voices came to his ears. He heard his office boy loudly protesting and a feminine voice in vehement declaration. The door was flung open and Miss Buford entered. Her dress torn, her hair disheveled, was the picture of distress. Mr. Nelson motioned for his stenographer to leave them.



Miss Buford Dashed Them Into the Faces of Their Pursuers.

Momentarily abashed and with lowered eyes, Miss Buford permitted him to take her hand and lead her to a chair, but when he drew it forward she turned away in petulance.

"I cannot sit down," she cried. "I am too nervous—too upset." Placing her hand over her bosom, her eyes turned in terror toward the door.

Thinking to compose her, he sat down. "What has happened?" he asked.

Her cheeks became pale as she turned to him with a gasp. "Those men, those terrible men," she exclaimed, "they followed me, and they fought over possession of me. That is how I finally got away from them. I have been in flight, and I'm so tired—so fearfully tired."

"But you are safe now," he soothed. "And hadn't you better sit down? You will feel better."

She sighed and she sat down, and Mr. Nelson imagined the fierce gleam in her eyes. "I escaped," she said. "I dashed for the country," she told him, "but their cars gained on me. Rounding a bend I noticed two roads converging into the main thoroughfare and a hay car like the one I was driving going rapidly in front of me. Dashing into one of the roads I drove into a hay and grain patch and hid while the men behind me pursued the wrong car. Screened by the hay and grain I remained there until daylight, then drove back to the city. I was afraid to venture in very far until I knew you were here. In some way those men heard of me, for suddenly the pair who were in the cabaret dashed by and before I could get away they seized me. Then some more appeared and they all went to fighting. I sprang into a car and hurried here; but they are after me and—Mr. Nelson, I am brought to bay. Will you help me?"

Before Mr. Nelson could answer, the door flew open, revealing upon the scene of the cabaret scene, accompanied by another whom Mr. Nelson recognized as diplomatically connected, attaches of office. They deliberately turned the key in the lock.

Mr. Nelson flushed, and Miss Buford ran and stood beside and slightly behind him. Her action proclaimed her faith. It warmed his blood. If ever there had been a doubt of what he would do, it was dissipated in that moment. With smiling lips and defiant eyes, he turned to the

intruders—to the diplomatic gentleman whom he knew.

"Well," he interrogated, "what is it? The lady is here. She is my client. What is it you want with her? I know you, Colonel, but the gentlemen with you are strangers."

The clean shaven, faultlessly dressed gentleman addressed as Colonel bowed. "These men," he said, "are secret service agents, one of them being connected with the English embassy. They wish to interview your client. Thus far it appears that she has been too elusive.

Mr. Nelson smiled skeptically. "Their wish," he said, "has been expressed by pounding and annoying her."

He thought the word "hounding" sounded particularly well. It served in a measure to put the others on the defensive. "She tells me," he continued, "that these men, and others, have been particularly offensive, and somewhat mysterious. I presume, tho, she will grant the interview. Do you wish it now?"

The Colonel glanced at his companions. One of them frowned; the other shrugged his shoulders. The Colonel turned to Mr. Nelson. "Do you know what it is we want?" he asked.

Mr. Nelson hesitated; but in doing so he seemed to consent to the request of the state of his mind. "I do not," he answered. "Nevertheless, I am Miss Buford's legal adviser."

"Miss Buford!" The Colonel's voice expressed surprise.

Miss Buford Mr. Nelson. "Do you know what it is we want?" he asked.

Mr. Nelson hesitated; but in doing so he seemed to consent to the request of the state of his mind. "I do not," he answered. "Nevertheless, I am Miss Buford's legal adviser."

"Miss Buford!" The Colonel's voice expressed surprise.

Miss Buford Mr. Nelson laughed. "Miss Von Kiessing, Mr. Nelson," she whispered.

Without betraying the slightest discomposure, Mr. Nelson laughed also. "Very well," he said, "if they know your name, the matter is easier settled. Now, Colonel, let us get down to brass tacks. What do you want?"

"I should first like to ask the young lady if she is sure she knows what we want?"

"I hid it," answered Miss Von Kiessing.

"And what are you going to do with it?" the Colonel inquired.

"What are you going to do with my sister?" she countered.

The Colonel made a negative gesture with his hands. "I did not know until this morning that you had a sister," he told her. "Advices from Washington inform me that the object of your visit to the English embassy when you pursloined a "crushly" unscribed message from England was to procure your sister's release from detention."

"Which was refused."

"But she has not been deported," he assured her.

"My warning and my threat prevented that," she retorted.

The Colonel compressed his lips. He turned to Mr. Nelson. "This young lady's sister, Grace Von Kiessing," he explained, "has been ordered deported as an alien."

"After being falsely branded a spy," cried Miss Von Kiessing.

The Colonel ignored the interruption. "She is not, nor is the young lady, an American citizen. Grace Von Kiessing has been in Germany, and in England. When she returned to Paris where the English embassy ordered her detained for good reasons. In fact, I also have an order of arrest for this lady, whose father was an unnaturalized German."

With a low cry of anger, Miss Von Kiessing took a step forward. "My father was not naturalized," she exclaimed, "but he was a good citizen. He married an American, he owned American land—many acres of it in New Mexico, which my sister and I manage—and he was a good citizen. My sister and I were born in Germany when our parents went to Germany because of the serious illness of our grandmother, our only relative. Neither of us is a spy. We are good Americans. Do you hear? And you shall release her."

The Colonel straightened haughtily. "Are you dictating?" he asked.

"I am," she replied in a voice of such firmness and decision Mr. Nelson felt that his heart would break its bounds in rapture—for his little ranch girl from New Mexico spoke with the punch of execution.

The Colonel frowned. He went to the widdow, looked out, and returned. "Your sister will not be released," he said, "until you return that paper."

"Then you will never get the paper. And in addition to releasing her, you shall promise she shall not be molested."

"Suppose I enforce my order to arrest you?"

She met the glare of his eyes unflinchingly. "As you please," she answered. "But if you do—within twenty-four hours afterward your precious paper will be in the possession of Germany. I know what strike you!"

The Colonel winced. He lifted his hands and dropped them in a gesture of dismay and helplessness.

Mr. Nelson laughed. "Suppose you let me interfere," he said. "On the face of it, Miss Von Kiessing has the whip hand. You dare not arrest her, and you want a valuable paper she has. It may be that she and her sister are technically aliens; but that is going to be remedied. A wife takes the status of her husband. I am going to marry this Miss Von Kiessing, and her sister—"

He paused and turned to Miss Von Kiessing. Her cheeks were crimson and the scarlet was creeping higher. "Did I not understand you to tell me that your sister was engaged?" he asked her, altho indeed he had not heard of her sister until a few minutes before.

"To a gentleman in New Mexico," she answered.

"So you see," cried Mr. Nelson, "that so far as these ladies are concerned their loyalty will be protected by American husbands. Now for the stolen paper: If you will release Grace Von Kiessing and guarantee that neither shall be molested, I take it the paper will be turned over to you. Does that satisfy you?"

The Colonel's eyes interrogated Miss Von Kiessing. "Will you take my word for it?" he asked, and turned to Mr. Nelson. "I have authority to act," he said.

"I know the Colonel," said Mr. Nelson. "His word is good; but to make sure, we will draw a paper."

"Then shall I tell him?" she asked.

He nodded.

She turned to the Colonel with a conquering smile in which amusement played its part. "Open the left-hand drawer of the desk," she said, "and look on the outside of its back end. The paper is fastened there with a thumb tack."

The Colonel gasped. The agents laughed aloud, and Mr. Nelson sat down in an ecstasy of delight.

"I hadn't the time to read it," she continued, "and I think it your secret. But I'm glad it was so important. Won't you visit us when you come to New Mexico?"

Vane Hillary's Profession

By Mary Parrish

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IT WAS a terrible scandal in Glenwood, the fashionable New York winter resort. What made it so very terrible was the fact that it happened in the most exclusive set in the millionaire colony, and of course got into all the papers with all the details.

Gladys, only daughter of the aristocratic Benthams, had eloped with an actor. Papa Bentham issued a decree to the effect that she never might return and be forgiven if she came alone, but never did he wish to set eyes on the miserable wretch who had lured her away, and no doubt had an eye on the Bentham money when he had his chance. Mamma Bentham, who had always been a meeker one, had pleaded for her child and that he had not been disowned, as to her father's money that he was quite able to support her, that he was the finest fellow in the world, she loved him, and was very happy, but wanted very much to see him and "mommy" and hoped he be forgiven. But Richard Bentham was obdurate and inflexible in his decision. His wife, who all her life had found it best to agree with the masterful husband, indorsed his decision. In fact, her ambitious plans to marry her daughter to a titled foreigner had been so primarily frustrated at nought, she was perhaps the more bitter of the two.

It all came about in this way: Gladys, in a shopping trip to New York, had met Vane Hillary at the home of a friend. He had come from California with a letter of introduction to Mary Weed, and, having the speech and manner of a gentleman, had been entertained and invited to a ball at the Benthams'.

The meeting of Gladys and the young Californian was a case of love at first sight. He was invited to dine at her friend's, and the two were much together. A few days after her return home she received it upon her heart to go back for some silk she had not been able to match, and the trips to the city becoming so frequent as to excite mamma's suspicion, Gladys explained as far as she thought it safe, and asked if she might invite Mr. Hillary to the house. Papa Bentham frowned at the for the business, standing, etc., of the young gentleman, and was told.

"An actor!" he ejaculated in horror.

"Well," answered her daughter, "we are not living in the time of Queen Elisabeth nor the Long Parliament. An actor these days, if he's a good one, takes his place with other artists, and is admitted into the best society."

"Oh, no doubt the great stars, those who have become famous, yes. At what theater is this Mr. Hillary playing? I don't remember to have seen his name among the luminaries."

"He isn't a star," said Gladys, "but he will be when he gets his chance."

"Oh, he's just an unknown nobody," rejoined her mother with intense contempt.

"He isn't a 'nobody.' He had a big reputation in the stock on the Coast. But he realized that unless you are known in New York you never get anywhere. It isn't fair, and it isn't right, but it's so, and that's why everyoony comes to New York and overcrowas and makes it so hard to get a hearing."

"You seem to have been well informed on the theatrical situation," remarked Mrs. Bentham with stinging sarcasm. "But I positively refuse to entertain at my home any such person. My dear, is the proper society for you or my friends, and I must insist that you regard my wishes and do not meet him again under any circumstances."

Given a girl of 19, high-spirited, a trifle spoiled, and very much in love, and what would you expect? You would not count on her following these directions with meek precision.

Gladys wrote a tearful letter explaining the situation to Hillary, and adding she knew she was going to be forced [illegible] Forbidden fruit is sweet, and [illegible] Young [illegible] a [illegible] he knew he could [illegible] Come [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Story From "Over There"

"LITTLE MAURICE"

By a Returned Soldier

THE American corporal walked down the sleeping shack looking at each bunk he passed. The hour was 8:30 in the evening; "lights out" had been sounded and all the men should have been under the blankets now. Suddenly the corporal came to a halt opposite a bunk in which a large bulk under the blankets denoted a sleeper who had covered himself from head to toe. Neither face, hands nor feet was showing, but the outline of the sleeping man could be traced under the blankets. The corporal bent down and touched the sleeper's shoulders with his hand and under the hand the shoulders gave way like a pillow of down.

The corporal pulled away the blankets and saw lying beneath a trench helmet, a pack and an overcoat. As these articles were laid out they resembled a sleeping man with the bedclothes pulled up over his head.

"Gee! that's some camouflage!" muttered the corporal, appreciation in his voice. Then he looked at the sleeper in the adjoining bunk.

"Hey, Sullivan," inquired the corporal, "where's your friend Ronar?"

Sullivan snored heavily and made no reply.

"Do you know where Ronar is, Stanton?"

The corporal addressed this remark to a man who lay in the bunk next Sullivan, and Stanton fixed an innocent look on the corporal.

"He ain't in yet, is he?" he inquired

"Doesn't look like it, does it?" said the corporal, pointing his finger at the empty bunk. "Do you know where he has gone to?"

"Nope."

As the door banged and the corporal disappeared Sullivan ceased snoring and sat up in bed.

"And where in the whole wide world will that divil Iv a Ronar be at all, Stanton?" he inquired. "It's the devil for trickin' he is intirely."

"Dunno," said Stanton. "I saw him after supper, and he said he was going for a walk. He had a book of poetry under his arm."

"Well, I'm wishin' that he was back," said Sullivan, lying down again.

"I don't want to see the poor boy put

"But It Is So Far From the Village," Said the Woman Anxiously.

is awake up to some sort of mischief. But where can he have hiked to?"

At that moment Ronar was a good hour's walk away from the shack in which his two mates were sheltered. He was sitting on a chair by the bedside of a sick child, watching over the infant with the tenderness of a woman. The bed was in the corner of a little room in a cottage out on the fields, and two miles away from the nearest dwelling Ronar stumbled across the house as he was out on his walk. It was about time to turn back, and, feeling thirsty, the young American went up to the door and knocked. He wanted to get a drink before starting on his return journey. A pale, tired woman, whose eyes were red as if she had been weeping opened the door. At the same moment Ronar heard a weak infantile cough from the interior of the house as if a child were struggling for breath. The woman heard it, too, and with an agonized sob she rushed back again. Ronar followed her, saw her kneel down at a bed in the corner of the room. On the bed a little child was lying, coughing convulsively.

"What's wrong?" asked the American.

"It's the little dear, Maurice, that is ill," said the woman. "The child has not eaten anything all day and his throat is sore."

"Why not get a doctor?" asked Ronar

"But it is so far to the village," said the woman, "and I cannot leave him alone. Nobody ever comes near here. My husband is dead and I am all alone."

Ronar thought for a moment, then he spoke.

"You go to the next village," he said. "Get a doctor to come and I will watch over the child until you come back. I would go myself if I knew where the doctor lived."

"But has Monsieur time to stay?" asked the woman.

"For a thing like this I have time," Ronar replied, looking at the sick child in the bed.

The woman wrapped a shawl around her shoulders, bent down, kissed the child and went out. When the last sound of her footsteps died away Ronar looked around him. The room in which he found himself was very small, but the hardened earth which formed the only flooring was scrupulously clean.

A miserable half hour passed by, and the child grew worse. The American felt impotent. He could do nothing but sit and watch the infant in its struggle against death. When the mother returned and entered the open door she looked at her and sighed with relief. But his heart sank when he saw the distraught look on the woman's face.

The doctor was not at home, she said. He had gone out to the country to see one of his patients, an old man who was dying with cancer. Now all hope was lost. Maurice, her dear little boy, would die. The mother went down on her knees by the bed, looked at the suffering child and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. After a while she looked up, turned to the chair on which the American was seated, to find him gone.

Ten minutes later, when some American officers were coming along a road near the cottage the headlight of the car showed a man standing in front of them with both arms extended and shouting at the top of his voice. The car swerved past him, drew up with a jerk and an angry officer dismounted, to ascertain the meaning of a soldier's apparent attempt to commit suicide. Ronar rushed up, leaped on the footboard, and from there to the seat beside the driver.

"Drive like hell!" he ordered. "Right to battalion headquarters, to the doctor. There's a little child dying. Drive, you fool, drive, or I'll pitch you into the road!"

"Let her rip!" said one of the officers. "This man can't explain as we go along."

Ronar had just finished his explanation when the car drew up at battalion headquarters. He jumped off, shouting to the driver to turn the car around and hurried into the room where the battalion staff was seated around the dinner table. Ronar went up to the doctor and saluted.

"There's a little French child in a cottage three miles away from here," he said. "It's on the point of death. Diphtheria, I think. If you come with me now, sir, you may save it. There's a car waiting outside."

In three minutes' time the doctor, accompanied by Ronar, was on his way to the sick child.

Three days later the battalion was paraded and the colonel spoke to the men. He said:

"It has come to my notice that one of you men was not present in his hut a few nights ago when lights out was sounded. That is generally a serious offense, but on this occasion there were good reasons for it. This man left the camp to go for a walk and on his way visited a house in which a child was being seriously ill. The mother could not leave her sick child to go and find a doctor, but this soldier promised the woman that he would take care of the child while she went to the next village for help. He went, but found the doctor was not at home. When told this the soldier came back and watched over the child until the doctor arrived. Thanks to his presence of mind, the child received the necessary attention and is now out of danger. The doctor has informed me that the child will receive good food and attention. But the mother is very poor and she has to work in the fields all day for a living. She therefore has little time to devote to the care of the infant. Now I propose that we make a little collection for this woman. Every man in this battalion can afford a little from his pay, and with that end in view I have seen that a bag is placed near the paymaster's office, and that will hold anything from a dime to a dollar. Now, I want to see what you men will do towards helping this woman and child in her trouble. When you recollect that she has given her husband in this war you will put into the sandbag by without putting something in."

The American soldiers were generous, and the bag was filled to bursting without giving something from his pay toward the maintenance of little Maurice. The little boy lay well again and the American soldiers often go to see him in his home now, especially on days when the mails arrive and when parcels are bulky.

Defying the Clock and What It Did

"SEEING things is only a state of mind," related the woman finishing the sock. "There was yesterday when I looked at my timepiece and exclaimed, 'Eleven o'clock! I must hurry!' when it had been intention to begin at being 11 o'clock, inasmuch as it was only 10.

"Now, where on earth is that child" I muttered, dancing madly around. Jimmy had been let out to play ball, with the understanding that he was to be in at 11 to dress for luncheon downtown with some out of town friends. Whose young daughter and he were chummy. Serves me right for letting him out of my sight. And yet I was in a hurry to go.

"I got dressed spasmodically between dashes to the window looking for Jimmy still in the act of mentioning a degree. You see, I had firmly got it into my mind the idea that it was 11 and I could see nothing else. Then I began to wonder why I could perceive no reason for Jimmy's neglect to return except sudden death, because he was keen for the party.

"How could I go and leave him lying mangled somewhere? Yet what good to stay, when I couldn't get to him? And maybe he was not mangled! I alternated between these views and the usual maternal wrath at delinquent offspring. Working myself into a just rage over Jimmy's carelessness and with just enough time to catch my 12:28 train, I scribbled a note, which I left in a conspicuous place for Jimmy.

"I told him, tho he did not deserve in the least to come, that if he could possibly get dressed and catch the 12:28 to come ahead—and to be sure and wash behind his ears.

"Then I tore for the train and on the cross walk met the ambulance tearing toward me. My heart leaped up and flopped down and I stood glued to the walk—tense, waiting to see whether it turned down my street. How I wished I had not written that cruel note I had left stuck on the lamp! When he really was such a good boy, such a sweet, thoughtful—thank heaven, the ambulance clanged on in another direction! I moved my stiffened limbs and managed to scale the stairs and reach the platform in time to tumble onto the last car. My hat was crooked and there was dust on my shoes (I was carrying my gloves in my reddened hands and hairpins were sticking out all ways. In this state, as every woman knows, you invariably meet the most exasperatingly immaculate of your acquaintances. Mine, I found, was sitting right next to me and had that kindly, superior air that women wear when they know their hair is glittering, their complexion powdered just right over the cold cream, and their general effect bandboxy.

"My dear!" cooed she, "whatever has happened to you? Is it a telegram to come at once?"

"So I told her my troubles. She said serenely that it was too bad and she was sure Jimmy was all right.

"I got my breath, but I couldn't get myself straight. You never can when you've dressed in a hurry with your mind elsewhere. I found I had gloves which were not mates and I hastened to the rendezvous simply seething at the world in general and Jimmy in particular. Still gasping, I tore into the cafe. Every table was empty. There was not a soul in sight. There was no sign stating that the place had gone out of business or anything, so I tottered to the young woman at the counter outside.

"'Can—can you tell me what time it is?' I stuttered. She raised languid eyes. Most evidently she disapproved of disheveled, straggling ladies. 'There's a clock,' she offered, 'on the north wall.' It was too far in the depths to bestow a few kind words upon her.

"Meekly I turned toward the north wall. There was indeed a clock, a large capable one marking calmly and dispassionately a bare half past eleven. And according to my brain it should have been half past twelve!

"Dazedly I turned to the disapproving young woman.

"'Do you mean to say,' I begged, 'that it is only 11:30?'

"She regarded her shiny fingernails thoughtfully and then glanced at me negligently. 'If the clock says it's 11:30,' she informed me, 'why, it's 11:30.'

"I didn't say another word. I was too far gone. 'Thank you,' I murmured feebly. Staggering to a divan in a dim corner I sank down and, without knitting, without anything but my own thoughts, I sat there a solid hour, waiting for our luncheon party, for whom appeared promptly on time, at 12:30.

"'Say,' scoffed my child, who was properly scrubbed and everything 'but you were in a hurry, weren't you?'

"'Yes, Jimmy,' I said meekly. 'I was in a sort of a hurry, I guess.' No, I never told him and simply saved one's face when it's a twelve-year-old and one's own!"

* * *

New Exchange Value.

"Well, the war brings new alignments."

"Yes, yes. Various people view it in various ways. Heard a lady at the drug store the other day insisting that the druggist cash a Canadian quarter at face value, on the ground that we are now Allies."

THE GIRL FROM IRELAND

By Lionel Everett Eubanks

Stories of persons who pose as others are numerous but when two persons decide to play the same game at the same time complications are bound to follow.

[Copyright, 1912, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

FOR two years Sidney Flannigan and Bert Carter had shared the joys and cares of bachelorhood. They worked together, ate together, slept together, and knew each other about as thoroly as men ever can.

That is, Carter knew Flannigan and Flannigan thought he knew Carter. Some persons are unknowable. Flannigan was a frank, talkative, confiding fellow who abhorred the mysterious and secretive, and trusted every one. Carter was silent, remarkably like his roommate in physical appearance, but his very antithesis in disposition.

People wondered what Flannigan could find in Carter to like. Flannigan himself wondered at times. The terse explanation from Carter that he seldom had a chance to talk when Flannigan was near satisfied the genial Sid. He allowed that Bert was an old guy, but a good sort at heart.

Bert Carter had no past, as far as his acquaintances were concerned. Whether he had been a minister or a convict before entering the Mitchell offices not a man in the business could tell. All Flannigan knew was that he had taken the silent one in when the latter was jobless and penniless; but this was one of the few things that good old Flannigan never talked about.

On the other hand, Carter could have written a detailed history of Sid's life; from the departure from Ireland at 20 years of age to the recent inheritance which had so suddenly given Flannigan importance—and a future. And Carter even knew that future—better, he thought, than did Flannigan, already Sid had kept his promise, made ten years before, and sent for Rose—Rose Meighan who waited for him back in shamrock land; of whom the Irishman raved daily and nightly.

"What a fool!" ruminated Carter, as he prepared to retire. "Waited all this time when she's written scores of times that she had enough money for both. A million in her own right! He's just cheated himself out of ten years' soft living. And God! Think what he could have done with a 17-year-old beauty just landed! Oh, he's the champion nut. She's 24 now, but if she's as green as some shirts that hit this city he could make a barrel of money out of her yet, besides getting the million. I could. D—n it! Why do boneheads have all the luck?"

Carter turned to the mantel, thought-fully [illegible] beautiful face in that picture, my old friend Madam Brandine [illegible] you ought to. Brandine did well by [illegible] never failed to remember me." In his pajamas, he again [illegible] picture. He nodded up [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

What Women Are Doing in the War

The Liberty Legion.

RUSSIA had her Legion of Death, but Detroit, Michigan, has an army of American girls that have joined the Legion of Liberty. They are fighting the war for democracy in Detroit factories, where they are helping to build the Liberty motor.

Can you imagine a girl whose greatest bid to fame has heretofore been confined to a dictation record of 125 letters in seven hours, guiding a grinder whose smoothness some day may result in the infinitesimal bit of extra power that speeds a flying captain to an advantage over a Hun aviator?

One young woman engaged in this work is Opal Mendenhall. She used to be a clerk in a candy store.

"Will you come back when you get tired of that factory work?" her former employer asked her the other day.

Opal smiled. "Not a chance," she said to him. "I've ground off a couple of sets of perfectly good finger nails, but I'll throw them in as my extra war contribution."

Opal, by the way, is earning $4.50 every day of nine hours, and there are forty-nine other women working by Opal on the same type of machine in the very same factory.

Every one of them dresses with military precision. Every woman stands or sits at her task dressed in trim khaki. There are no noisy waists, no frazzled hair or sagging skirts. Altogether, they present a fine picture of American womanhood to the world.

And it takes nerve and muscle and skill to handle the work. One of the most startling examples of this is Esther Burger, who rose from the ranks of the art and needlework department of one of Detroit's largest stores, to be assistant to the foreman in charge of the plants turning out the Liberty motor.

She knows the name of every tool the women have received to the last factory. Two months ago, she started work as a reamer. Today, she can direct any one of the factory operations. They use 500 different grades of emery paper in this plant, and she can pick them out in the dark, by the feel, that other women can pick out dress materials.

The mustering of this army has been going on for some time, and already it has its battalion of women, and each day they are growing in skill and strength.

The Copette.

AND now comes the military cop-ette. We've all heard about women [illegible] know nothing about the women who are doing police duty [illegible]

Their work is to look after the young girls who live near the camps, and also those that drift there from neighborhoods lured by the appeal of the uniform. The work is in charge of Miss Maude E. Miner, who might well be called the chief of police. Miss Miner was for a long time connected with Waverly House in New York. She knows girls. She is humane and she makes all due allowance for the boys in khaki, and the girls that admire them. But she and her cohorts are there to see that none of them "lose their heads."

Unlike every other police officer, these women wear no uniforms. They are no clubs. They merely mingle in the places of amusement and see that propriety rules and that infractions do not become dangerous. For the greater part of their work is protective. Their work is to a great extent a task of observation, and although they have police powers, they seldom use it. Their function is to protect, not to punish, and by scouting about, they pick up any girls or young girls who have left their homes, and who might go wrong if they had no one to look for them.

They are really the camp mothers. Their task is not to take the color out of the soldier's life, and deprive him of the pleasure of meeting girls, but to see that those meetings are just as safe as they would be in the girl's parlor back home. For this purpose, many of the camps have what is known as hostess houses where the girls and men may meet. In other cases they have to use their influence to open private homes for the entertainment of soldiers. They want American boys and girls to have a good time, but what is more important, they also want to see to it that it does not affect the standard of morals of American womankind.

Mourning Badge.

FOR the woman whose husband, brother or son has given his life for the cause of democracy, a black arm band with a gold star has been recommended by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, to be worn instead of the customary mourning.

The wearing of such insignia they feel will express better than mourning the feeling of the American people that such losses are a matter of glory rather than of prostrating grief and depression.

For a long time the woman's committee has been receiving letters from women urging some such action on their part. The determined avoidance of mourning by Englishwomen has been much commented upon and praised. President Wilson, in a letter to Dr. Anna Shaw, approved of this move and endorsed it heartily.

The [illegible] has been chosen [illegible] can readily be made at home or almost [illegible] very kind of material [illegible] gilt, with one for each member of the family who has lost his life in service. The stars may be of gold or gilded metal, of satin or cloth. The design will not be patented and the insignia will never become a commercial article.

Dolls Make War Appeal.

FASCINATING French dolls, dressed in the latest war-time fashions from Paris, will come to America with a special patriotic appeal this year. These dolls, quite different from the articles of merchandise so long popular among children everywhere, are the work of victims of the war, who are returning to independence and self-support by means of handiwork, including toys, basket, lace, fabric, embroideries, lingerie and children's frocks.

A clearing-house for articles produced by the 2,000,000 soldiers, widows and children made dependent by the war, has been established in New York City thru the efforts of an energetic French woman, Madame Lucile Cram. The purpose of this organization is to enable these destitute people to become self-supporting and independent. All the surplus money realized above the cost of importation and marketing will be turned back to these people who need it.

This movement to help the crippled, the widows and orphans of France, has the support of publicspirited men and women on both sides of the Atlantic

Steady Nerves Needed.

STEADY nerves are the first requisite of the Red Cross stenographers who are going abroad for work in Paris. However great one's loyalty to the cause, the reaction following the unending strain is apt to be severe, and is liable to upset women who are not qualified mentally, physically and temperamentally were set a premium when we went over in August and our bureaus were so clogged with work that we were received with positive acclaim," Mrs Fleming said.

Mrs. Fleming could not say enough about the wonderful spirit of the Red Cross staff and their work under the long range cannon bombardments of Paris.

"It was terrifying at first, I'll admit," she said. "Imagine sitting at your typewriter and knowing that just as surely as the hands of your wrist watch tolled off fifteen minutes another shell was coming. It may seem less spectacular to say that you stuck to your typewriter under fire instead of driving an ambulance full of wounded, but I assure you it requires the same cool nerves and [illegible] Under all this strain I simply [illegible] Not a girl [illegible] lesk or faltered in her work."

Of course the backbone of the great Red Cross army who by every steamer are going forward to "carry on" the gigantic work of our Red Cross.

They Are First Made Sergeantettes.

KANSAS CITY'S Marine Corps station has the distinction of possessing the only Marine Corps sergeantettes—patriotic girls who volunteered to assist the enlisted men in the office. Enlistments came in at such a rate that Lieut. H. G. Hornbostel, in charge, issued a call for help. These girls, all of whom are expert stenographers, were selected from the large number who answered. Every day they may be found hard at work, lending a helping hand in the disposition of publicity matter, enlistment and transportation papers. The natty blue uniforms were provided soon after they started working, and now the enlistments are heavier than ever.

A Worker at 79.

THE same spirit which she displayed in women for the boys of '61 is present in the war work which Mrs. A. T. Anderson of Minneapolis, Minn., is doing for the soldiers of today. Neither long hours at the Red Cross unit, or marching in parades can tire this 79-year old patriot.

Mrs. Anderson's first war work was done during the Civil War. At that time she took the place as a county school teacher of a man who had answered the call of the Union. However, she soon had to give this work up. After months of anxiety for the safety of her country, her fiance was exchanged and sent to a military hospital in Washington; here the military doctors gave him up. But the girl didn't. She nursed him faithfully, and when he was restored to health they were married. Immediately Mr. Anderson re-enlisted.

While her husband was away to the front the young bride worked for him and his comrades. She bought a second hand sewing machine, for which she paid $100, and, aided by the machine and the women in the town, Mrs. Anderson made all the surgical dressing supplies and garments sent out of the town in which she lived.

Today she is just as patriotic and vigorous as in the days of '61, and can accomplish the same amount of work which she set for herself more than a half century ago.

Major Billy.

WHEN Senators and Congressmen sing the praises of the draft system they always mention Provost Marshal General Enoch Crowder, Lieut. Col. Hugh Johnson and a few others, but none of them seems to know that "Major Billy" Wellborn is a mighty big factor in keeping the draft machine in good working order.

"Major Billy" is a little girl who straightens out the tangles of draft rules and regulations for local boards all over the country. "Major Billy" likes, but that does not prevent her from tackling one of the most difficult of war jobs with the skill of an old veteran.

There were only a few rules and regulations when the draft law first went into effect. And "Major Billy" learned them. As time went on new ones were added, and almost every day new cases and situations arose. It's "Major Billy's" job to know every one of them, and keep the big officers informed about them

Because of her knowledge of this law and all its little ins and outs, she is generally recognized as the best informed person in Washington on the draft system. There isn't anything about it that she doesn't know.

Secretary Baker can't commission women in the Army, but it's a safe bet that if he could, General Crowder would ask a commission for "Major Billy." Her associates have recognized her ability, however, by dubbing her "Major," and lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels and even a brigadier general all salute "Major Billy" as one of them.

"Major Billy" always signs her name W. Wellborn. It is strongly rumored, tho, that her parents christened her Wilhelmina, but the officers in the Judge Advocate General's office just call her "Major Billy."

Gathering Moss.

MISS EVALYN KLAHR, Vassar graduate and Red Cross representative, is now in Portland to help the Pacific Northwest in its gathering of sphagnum moss, which has been found very valuable in surgical dressings.

This moss, which abounds in Oregon, Washington and Alaska, is needed to supply the Red Cross with plenty of bandages for the soldiers of America. At least 500,000 bandages must be prepared by July 1.

In order that all this work may be done, the National Red Cross has dispatched Miss Klahr to the Northwest to organize and direct local organizations. Her work is of a threefold nature. Not only must she organize the local societies, but she must likewise explain the particular kinds of moss needed, and after it is gathered, show the women and girls how to prepare it for surgical dressings.

The sphagnum moss makes even better dressings than absorbent cotton, because it contains a small quantity of iodine, a chemical always acceptable as an antiseptic. The moss needs but little preparation, and after it is dried all that is needed is to sort out the foreign substances and the moss is then [illegible] for bandages.

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE "BEAR CAT"

By George Elmer Cobb

[Copyright.]

"I'M THE Bear Cat!"

"Hip! hip!"

"From Wellsville!"

"Hooray!"

"I own the place!"

"Whoop!"

"I own the whole town!"

"You're a daisy!"

"Line up—the best in the house for everybody!"

Thus Dan Wolsey, and thus, in response, a motley ravenous crowd of miners, speculators, gamblers and hangers-on in the "Horn of Plenty," at Oreville. Dan was a new bird to be plucked readily. He fancied he was a king amid the shallow, hypocritical worship of his present following.

Nothing, indeed, was too good for the scapegrace group and Dan was spending his money like water. And who had a better right! Had he not struck the biggest gusher of the year at Wayville! And this was the first genuine blowout of his artless, unsophisticated life. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—twenty thousand dollars—all in crisp new hundred-dollar bank notes Wellsville was only a station, Oreville had some real style, quite a metropolis to Dan, who had spent most of his life on a farm.

When he came to Oreville Dan had purchased the most expensive and loudest suit money could buy. Then he had taken the best room at the one second-rate hotel in the town. Then he was sober enough to exert some prudence. This was how. He took a thousand dollars out of his belt and stowed the rest due under the carpet in a corner of the room.

"For I may get overseas and some mean greaser grab the pile," reflected Dan. Each night he came home, but not until he had spent his last cent. Next morning he extracted another installment from his reserve fund and repeated the program.

The gambling sharks had got hold of Dan. They lolled him as a hail fellow well met, slapped him on the shoulder, called him "The Daisy" and acquiesced in his tumultuous declaration that he was the "Bear Cat of Wellsville." Then they proceeded to extract the dollars of the Bear Cat.

[illegible] after an unusually fes- [illegible] many adjourned to the [illegible] There were all the Dewdrop Inn, and he had to name one on the floor with his heavy-heeled boot to advise the "office" on the floor below that a guest wanted attention. Thereupon appeared a slim, graceful young girl arrayed in a faded calico dress, shoes down at the heels, hair awry, but pretty as a wild rose.

"Drink, water, anything!" called out Dan huskily. "My throat's on fire!"

"There will be no 'anything,'" tersely advised Nell Ward, chambermaid. "It's tea you want and it's tea you'll get. Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a healthy, decent-looking young man, playing the fool to a lot of vultures?"

Dan wretchedly turned over in his bed and groaned. He was helpless, till the tea had formed him up sufficiently to give him the nerve to get downstairs and steady his criss-cross nerves at the hotel bar.

"Daughter of yours?" he incidentally questioned the landlord.

"Oh, no," was the indifferent response. "She's only Nell—looking for a steady home. Good as gold as a worker, but don't fit in here."

Twice Nell was called by boothed and twice Nell ministered to the wants of downhill-headed Dan Wolsey. Always she stood in a lecture, advice, deprecation and undisguised contempt for his lack of will and recklessness. Dan sheepishly avoided the eyes of Nell with the sharp tongue when sober. When otherwise, in a maudlin way, and weeping, he would tell his boon companion pathetically of the good little friend up at the hotel who made him ashamed of himself.

"Cleaned out!" almost shouted Dan one morning, when he got ready to start on a new day of his blowout.

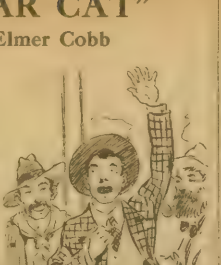
He stared dumbly at the belt he had removed from under the carpet. It was empty. Dan rubbed his head grewsomely. He had a dim memory of a wild bout at cards the night before, of coming staggeringly to his room in the evening for a new supply of ready [illegible]

"Must have taken it all, and I'm stranded!" he muttered. Then he went down to the Dewdrop Inn and told its sordid proprietor of the situation and asked for the loan of ten dollars to get back to Wellsville. The man laughed at him.

"Don't know you," he growled. "Get out!"

"Don't know me?" echoed Dan. "Don't know The Daisy'?"

"You may have been one yesterday," remarked the gin-mill man cruelly, "but you're a faded flower today," and there were some words and the poor wreck of



"I'm the Bear Cat."

Dan Wolsey was thrown out into the street into a mud puddle.

That afternoon late, very sober, very penitent, Dan sat on a log by the roadside at the limits of the town. He had found no friends in his distress. He had started to walk to Wellsville, but was stiff, sore, trembling, half ill.

A girl driving a light wagon came down the road. "Nell," she jumped out and approached Dan.

"Know me?" she asked curtly, and he looked up, nodded his head dismally and groaned out: "Yes, you're Nell."

"And I'm driving over to Wellsville where you live," she observed, "and if you're minded to go back there, and drop [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Worked at All Times.

"Mebbe I had run up a small bill at the saloon," said Pat, "but I never wanted a receipt.

"Oh! We never give receipts for those things," said the proprietor.

"But I will cross your account off the book," said he drew a pencil across it. "There is your receipt," he added.

"Certainly."

"And you'll never be asking for it again."

"Faith, thin," says Pat, "and I'll be sure to remember it, for I haven't paid it yet."

Showed Speed

Very True.

"If you can't write your own rule the way you want it," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."

"Jimmy said: 'Gee, you fellows look funny,' and walked off and left him," was the triumphant response.

A Traveler Is Surely Way.

A traveler tells of a trip on a jaunt-[illegible] whom he was not sorry to leave behind [illegible]

"That was a most soothing friday, Pat," he remarked to the waggish driver as he proceeded on his way.

"Yis, sor," was the reply. "It's a day I'll [illegible] years for laying his wife without visible means of support.

"Sure, and can't he sir?" said Pat with a twinkle in his roguish eyes. "I have n't paid it yet."

Prerequisites.

Spike Tuff—Me father knew a month before he died when he would die.

Jim—Why, how was that?

Spike Tuff—The judge.

Polated and Percival.

Editor—How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as [illegible]

Mrs. Emblesponte—Indeed!

What It Was Come to.

"Pa, what's the matter with the [illegible] pea soup. There are thirty-one little [illegible]

"Why, Mr. Jones, what made you look so white?"

"Not That Kind.

Absent Minded.

Two soldiers were discussing the Lord's Prayer. One of them let the other into the secret of yesterday afternoon's [illegible] for yesterday afternoon's [illegible] stopping. The challenged one was full of enthusiasm. "Now I've come to object to that," he said, "and I'll [illegible]

"No, no," said the other, "here is your [illegible] George," said the other, "here is your [illegible] V. I didn't believe you could do it."

Grammatical Knowledge.

When Gen. Leonard Wood was a [illegible] he was called on to examine [illegible] Leonard, give me a sentence and we'll [illegible] and then change it to the [illegible]

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard.

"Get up!" said young Wood.

Three Cards

"Oh, yes."

"I shall wear one of the quaint old cos[illegible]

Anything to Please

Cook—"And now, sir, just one thing [illegible] that you would prefer it?"

His Success.

No Nonsiloquist.

"My boy," said the successful man of [illegible] "you must exercise the [illegible] doesn't talk in his sleep."

Timed Her

While Chopin probably did not time his [illegible] he certainly [illegible] telling her audience what it was. Therefore a huge man in a large riding suit [illegible] gravely proceeded to time her. The pianist's fingers flew along the keys, and her audience was rewarded when the [illegible] and said in a becoming voice: "[illegible] she's done it."

Why He Waited.

When a [illegible] ken down machine and [illegible] Then he climbed in and after stretching [illegible] to you," asked the first [illegible] "Faith, sergeant," replied Pat, "[illegible] he had had enough.

Not If She Knew It.

They had been engaged three years [illegible] Recently he turned it off to physiology, a science of which he was a student [illegible]

"Dearest," he said, "do you know [illegible] your present [illegible] same you will be Miss Jones [illegible]

"Oh, I shall," said the saucy damsel, [illegible]

Was Measures in the Kitchen.

"In the first place, I was more [illegible] wasn't heavy [illegible] and she didn't [illegible] my money, and [illegible] secondly, she would not [illegible] dropped her."

Clever Boy.

Officer (to applicant for [illegible] "Can you [illegible] "Yes, sir; I was raised [illegible] on them."

Capacity Hower

By one of those strange chances most of the lady passengers inside the motor bus seemed to be carrying infants, one or two of whom were fractious. At one stoppage place the harassed conductor was faced by two more ladies, each of whom carried the inevitable baby. In his patience, the a virtue, has its limits.

"Hmom, on mom, mom," he retorted, as he held out a detaining arm. "The inside's full."

She Economized.

"Tom, dear," said Mrs. Youngbride, as they sat down to dinner, "I did hat as you told me to."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Yes, instead of buying sirloin steak I bought porterhouse. It isn't nearly so large, you know."

Misunderstood.

A man walked into a pawnbroker's shop one day and demanded $2, because there was a placard in the window that read: "Look at this watch for $2."

"I looked at it," he said, "and now I want my money."

Inherited It.

"No one understands me."

"That's not to be wondered at, girlie. You have been a telephone girl before she married, and your father was a train announcer."

"Now, children, de reason, dat us summer, an Lobby dan de winter au, de [illegible] nights am so short dat de sun don't [illegible] time for rest at[illegible]

Puzzlers Rebuked.

"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Why—Why but I rule the first letter of it."

Might Be Anywhere.

New Arrival—And where do I go when this shelling business starts?

Old Timer—The "Rue de la Paix."

Preparing for Winter.

Keller—"What's the big celebration going on for over at Hubbert's house?"

Miller—"Why, as is celebration the cook's anniversary. They've had her [illegible]

Hard to Please.

Miss Cute—"Do you like Omar Khayyam?"

Mr. Slimm—"Why, I don't know. I never make conversation. The elder brother can't breathe, but the younger [illegible]

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way [illegible]

It was the younger brother [illegible] blissful silence, "why can't [illegible] things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump, it's a cheese."

Old-fashioned Patriotism.

"I presume your boy will soon be having a brush with the Germans?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cobbles. "Henry is now somewhere in France, but I've written him that while I would be glad to have a German helmet as a souvenir I'd hate to think he merely captured the headpiece without doing anything in particular to the wearer."

Heiort Courteous.

"Why don't you put your mind on it and get a good cook?" demanded Jones, impatiently, of his wife.

"Well," replied Mrs. Jones, sweetly, "I guess it is because I don't know how. I never seemed to have a faculty for accepting people to fit me with."

Easy Enough.

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter)—"Mr. my shorthand typist, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I being a gentleman, cannot say it, but you, being neither, can easily guess my thoughts."

Asked Too Soon.

"Pat—a, said she, languidly, "I want us to go town soon."

"All right, dear, I'll take me of it again; this is only Thursday."

Two Per Cent Richer.

"Now, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have a notion to propose to you."

She: "Thank do I'm trying for a record."

They Were Both Wrong.

Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As the luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" asked the host, in order to make conversation. The elder brother [illegible]

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way [illegible]

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Diagonal Puzzle.

51

The new diagonal "D—D," is as follows: 1. A small feathered fowl. 2. A plan. 3. Actuality existing. 4. A glen.

Connected Squares.

52

Left Upper Square—1. A fractional part. 2. A continent. 3. A falsifier. 4. A country estate. Lower Left Square—1. A network. 2. A girl's name. 3. To rend. 4. Head coverings. Center Square—1. A month. 2. Blue. 3. Countries. 4. To creep. 5. A common greeting. Upper Right Square—1. To forge ahead. 2. A preposition in its poetic form. 3. To halt. 4. A vine used in making yeast. Lower Right Square—1. A jewel. 2. Colorless. 3. In addition to. 4. A boy's name.

Poets' Menagerie.

53—How many creatures (not including insects) are concealed in the following quotations from the poets?

1. All the world's a stage.—Shakespeare.
2. And so we grew together like to a double cherry, seemingly parted.—Shakespeare.
3. Blood more stirs to rouse a lion than a hare.—Shakespeare.
4. The forward violet thus did I chide: Sweet thief, whence did you steal your sweet breath?
5. Care be poor for a' that.—Burns.
6. The shades of night were falling fast.—Longfellow.
7. Jenkin kissed me when we met.—Leigh Hunt.
8. Baby was sleeping, his cheek was as pink as a [illegible]
9. A Man wants but little here below.—Goldsmith.

Inhistoric Wars.

54—1. Which is the Russian War? 2. Which war foretells unicorn? 3. Which is the Virginia war? 4. Which war do you find on prisons? 5. Which war is an appearance? 6. Which war is applicated in winter?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

47. Diagonal Puzzle.

H E A R D
R E V E L
E V A D E
R E I G N
E L L E N

48. Diamond.

```
    C
   C A T
  C A T S
 C A T S U P
  C A T S
   C A T
    C
```

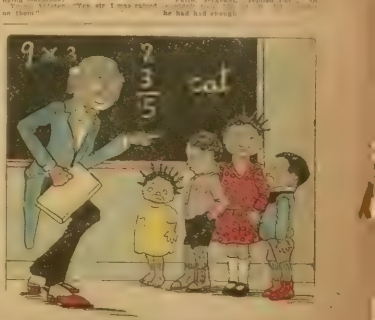
49. Drop Letter Puzzle.

1. Hill—Ill. 2. Nashville—Ashville. 3. Thames—Names. 4. Orange—Range. 5. Deal—Dial. 6. Voice—Oice. 7. Fallow—Allow. 8. Weaver—Eaver. 9. Andover—Dover. 10. Indiana—Indian.

50. A Change.

Woodchuck.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as tests, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.



CHICAGO LEDGER

Your Kitchen in War Time

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GENTLE JABS.

Throw physic to your neighbor's dog.

A lie is often told without saying a word.

Seeds of discontent will take root in any soil.

Conceit often gets a small man into a large hole.

It is easier for most people to be poor than honest.

The lazier a man the more he intends to do tomorrow.

Poverty is an effective grindstone for sharpening the wits.

The wise prophet lays up an explanation for a rainy day.

A [illegible] revolution is sometimes a step backward toward a cistern for the worse.

[illegible] is underscoring his annual martyrdom.

[illegible]

It takes more than a quarantine sign to keep the wolf from the door.

No, Elizabeth, a woman's tongue isn't necessarily a concealed weapon

He is indeed a stingy man who begrudges the cost of experience.

A woman's idea of a square deal is one in which she comes out ahead.

Even when they are in straitened circumstances, some men are crooked.

Winter lingering in the lap of spring is apt to cause a coolness between them.

Marriage is a feast—and the soup is often more palatable than the dessert.

No man should object to thick soles, as the objection will soon wear away.

The fellow who always wants something to boot in a trade may live to kick himself.

It's a curious anomaly of war that both contending parties are always in the right

A married man should never talk in his sleep unless he is sure of what he is going to say.

A man may be a hopeless idiot, but if he admires a woman you can't convince her that he is crazy.

There is room for improvement in most things, but even the manicure can't do much with the hand of fate.

Probably nothing pleases the politician so much as the inability of the freight payers to get on to his curves

Some men celebrate the anniversary of their birth as long as they live, but the average woman abandons it as soon as she grows up

Sugar Savers.

THE sugar supply of the Allies in greatly reduced. They need 1,500,600 tons of sugar. Most of this must come from our supplies. This means reducing our consumption about one-third. The normal American consumption has been about ninety pounds of sugar each year, whereas the French was only about forty-five pounds. We can easily get along with much less sugar than we have been using in the past, and with little hardship to ourselves, if more of the sweet foods other than sugar are used.

There are numerous ways of saving on sugar. First of all, omit using it wherever possible. Omit icing from cakes and fancy breads. Use less sugar in your tea and coffee. Use substitutes. Fruit and nuts, candied honey and maple sugar make excellent cake fillings. Instead of sugar use honey, corn syrup, dark syrup or maple syrup with both cakes, and in bread and muffins. Try cakes that call for these, instead of for sugar. Replace white sugar candies with sirup candies, or sweets made from figs, dates and raisins combined with nuts. For dessert serve a fruit salad or fruit omelet

There are any number of attractive recipes that will help us avoid sugar, and help save sugar. Don't forget that sugar is ammunition. Our boys and our Allies need it. Save it, and see that there will be a plentiful supply of sugar when canning season comes along

A list of suggestions and recipes using substitutes is given below to help you in your fight against the Kaiser. Help hold the line that is over them, and so help our Allies and our boys by keeping the Hun away from our country.

Next week this page will contain recipes for wheat saving other than potatoes. Most of them have been recommended by the government in its food conservation campaign. Many have been contributed by women who are making a study of the needs of the household during the war time.

DATE PUDDING—Arrange in an oiled pudding dish alternate layers of flaked rice and chopped dates until the dish is three-fourths full. Fill dish with sweet milk and bake in moderate oven three hours.

DIXIE GINGER BREAD—Two cups flour, one cup cornmeal, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon baking powder, one-quarter cup sugar, two teaspoons ginger, one teasp[illegible]

[illegible] and nuts thru a me[illegible]

[illegible] chopped nuts or granulated sugar, or it may be packed in an oiled tin, put under a weight and then cut into squares.

[illegible]STARD—Allow four tablespoons rice, four tablespoons of white [illegible]sweetening, and one tablespoon of honey or maple sirup to a quart of milk. Bake very slowly for four hours. Slow baking is necessary to obtain a rich, creamy consistency. This pudding with raisins omitted is a simple and nourishing dessert for babies and invalids.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGERBREAD—One cup molasses, one teaspoon cinnamon, one tablespoon salt, one level tablespoon soda dissolved in half cup cold water, four tablespoons of melted butter or any shortening you prefer. Bake in moderate oven.

LIBERTY FRUIT CAKE—One cup molasses, one cup water, one cup seeded raisins, one-quarter cup citron, if fine, one-quarter cup shortening, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one cup sugar, two and one cup rye flour or white flour, five teaspoons baking powder. Boil molasses, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan three minutes. When cool add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well and bake in loaf pan in moderate oven about forty-five minutes.

CHOCOLATE FRUIT COOKIES—One-half cup dates, one-half cup figs, one cup nut meats, one tablespoon orange juice, grated orange peel, one square chocolate (unsweetened), dates, figs and nut meats thru the grinder. Add orange juice, grated peel, and chocolate melted. Pack in an oiled tin and put under weight until firm, or mold into balls and roll in chopped nuts or granulated sugar.

STUFFED DATES OR PRUNES—Clean the fruit by sorting and washing. Soak the prunes a few hours and steam them. Remove stone and refill with nuts locally grown.

POPCORN CANDY—One cup sirup, molasses or maple sirup, one tablespoon vinegar. Boil together until sirup hardens when dropped into cold water. Pour over freshly popped corn and mold in balls or fancy shapes.

HONEY SAUCE—One cup honey, one-quarter cup water, one tablespoon butter substitute, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon cinnamon, dash of nutmeg, juice of one lemon and two tablespoons vinegar. Boil together fifteen minutes. The juice of one orange and grated peel may be used instead of lemon and vinegar, if desired.

FRUIT SAUCE—To one cup of corn sirup add one-half cup chopped raisins or dates. Heat before serving.

MAPLE SAUCE—To one cup of maple sirup add one-fourth cup of nut meats chopped fine. Heat and serve with hot rice or any other cereal or pudding.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE—Add one square of melted chocolate to one cup of hot corn sirup. Serve with vanilla.

BAKED APPLES—Prepare apples for baking as usual. Fill cavities with honey instead of sugar, add a few chopped nuts if desired. Bake in pan and add three-fourths cup of water and one-fourth cup honey. Bake as usual.

HONEY DROP CAKES—One-half cup shortening, one-half cup sugar, one cup honey, one-eighth teaspoon salt, one egg, one tablespoon lemon juice three cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder. Mix sugar and fat, add honey, beaten egg and lemon juice. Mix and sift dry flour sifted with baking powder.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE—One-quarter cup vegetable shortening, one cup sugar, one-quarter teaspoon soda, three tablespoons milk, two egg yolks, two squares chocolate, three-quarter cup flour, one-half cup barley flour, two and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, two and three-quarter teaspoon vanilla. Melt the fat and add it to the molasses and soda. Add the milk, the well-beaten yolks, and the melted chocolate. Sift the flour, the baking powder and the salt together and add them gradually to the mixture. When thoroly mixed fold in the stiffly beaten whites and add the vanilla. Pour the cake into a well-oiled pan.

CORN SYRUP CAKE—One cup corn sirup, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one-half cup liquid (milk or water), three cups (two and one and three-quarter cups bread flour), two teaspoons baking powder, three eggs, one teaspoon flavoring. Cream the fat and sugar together, add corn sirup and eggs, add alternately dry ingredients sifted together and liquid. Pour into oiled pans and bake.

PEANUT BAR—One cup molasses, one-half cup water, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon vinegar, three tablespoons sour cream, one-half cup peanuts. Boil the mixture until it forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Stir until cool and then pour it over the peanuts in an oiled pan.

CHOCOLATE DAINTIES — One-half cup dates, one-half cup figs, one-half cup nut meats (locally grown), one tablespoon orange juice, grated orange peel, one square chocolate (unsweetened). Put dates, figs and nuts thru a me[illegible]

[illegible] if any ingredient has to be cooked, e. g., the apples for the mould, see it is put on in good time. A few notes on paper regarding times for cooking, dishes that can be cooked at the same time, will save much thinking and waste of fuel, and be sure to heat the oven in good time, but not hours before it is needed

Have at hand plenty of dry, clean tea and kitchen cloths and all washing-up tools. Put dirty cutlery and plates into a jug of hot soda water, fill used pans with hot water to render them more easily cleaned, and put these into a plate basket, or even a box

Make a rule that food is always put into the larder on clean plates and there will be less sour food.

An Economy Cake.

ONE cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup seeded raisins, 2 cups war flour, 1 tablespoon shortening. Mix all the ingredients together; dissolve a little less than a level teaspoon of soda in warm water and add to the mixture. Bake and cover with chocolate icing. No icing is necessary, however.

Oat Cakes.

ONE cup of oatmeal, pinch salt little warm water.

Mix the oatmeal, warm water and salt together into a firm dough. Do not roll out, but put it with your hand into a thin, flat cake. Then sprinkle the top with oatmeal flour and toast in front of fire.

A NEW WAIST FOR 10 CENTS

A new discovery of vital interest to every woman is announced by the Cinderella Dye Soap Corporation, 1542 W. 14th St., Chicago. They have perfected a dye soap which is used like any other soap, but washes and dyes at the same time—no boiling, no trouble. It will not stain the hands or injure the most delicate fabric. Send ten cents, stamps or silver and they will send you a bar, enough to dye five waists, with full instructions postpaid. Be sure to state color wanted, light or dark, Pink, Blue, Red, Old Rose, Salmon, Orange, Golden Yellow, Lavender, Grey, Fica, Green. Adv.

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Wooden Paddle for Batter.

A WOMAN whose fine cakes are famous attributes the light and tender quality of her productions to the fact that she uses a wooden paddle instead of a spoon for beating the batter.

"The whole secret of cake-making," she avers, "is in the beating of the batter just before it goes into the pans. The batter should be lifted at every stroke so that plenty of air will get into it. A round-and-round movement does not do the air an over-and-over movement forces it in. One is stirring and the other is beating, and there is a vast difference."

Her paddle is a wooden one, quite flat and about ten inches long. It was used by her mother before her, and she says her grandmother had one like it. She remembers when grandmother's paddle broke its two ends had been spliced, an evening whittling out a new paddle for her mother, this paddle, whittled a generation ago, being like treasure that she still uses in her cake-making.

It is rounded a bit at the upper end for easy handling and at the lower end forms a flat oval, like a paddle. There is no curve or concave form such as a spoon possesses, but it is wonderful what that paddle can achieve in whipping up cake to feathery lightness and tenderness

Chocolate Pudding.

SCALD 1¼ pints milk with small piece of cinnamon bark, mix ½ cup cornstarch with 1 cup cold milk, a little salt and stir into the hot milk until it thickens. Mix 4 tablespoons cocoa and ¾ cup sugar with a little of the cooked mixture. Stir until smooth, then add to the hot mixture and beat until the chocolate is evenly distributed, then add 1 egg well beaten. Stir a few minutes, turn into the serving dish.

Kitchen Efficiency.

WEAR easy shoes, one of the pretty overalls so much worn nowadays, and have sleeves that turn well back from the wrists. Collect all ingredients and utensils before starting work and find recipe likely to be needed.

Arrange which dish to tackle first, and

Amid the wilds of the island the three—two men and a woman—work out their salvation and destiny. How Fate must have laughed as she weaved the inevitable!

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

You Can Go On After Reading This

A CYCLONE and a shipwreck off the Mozambique coast of Africa throw two men and one woman on their own resources. Winthrop, an American, is in a state of intoxication when the waves toss him onto the barren shore. His two companions, one an Englishman of supposedly high rank, the other, a wealthy American girl, despise him while they recognize that they are utterly dependent on him to continue living. For this reason they obey his commands, and set out to follow him inland to seek shelter for the night. Blake finds lodging for them for the night in a tall tree, and luckily they come upon food. The following morning they set out to find a permanent dwelling. The search is long and arduous, and at the end of the day they are again forced to take temporary shelter for the night and resume their hunt on the morrow. A magnifying-glass found in Blake's coat pocket, produces fire. Then Blake and Winthrope proceed to smoke a family of leopards out of their den, and obtain meat to eat. The next morning they climb the cliffs and get birds' eggs. Miss Leslie makes up her mind to help and gets along famously. The castaways are fairly comfortable.

The above will enable you to go on with this story, begun in No. 22, the Ledger's June 1. Back issues containing earlier chapters can be obtained thru this office or from our agents and newsdealers.

She Began Stabbing and Lunging at the Beast With All Her Strength.

[Copyright by A. C. McClurg Co.]

CHAPTER XII.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE next four days slipped by almost unheeded. Blake saw to it that not only himself but his companions had work to occupy every hour of daylight. When not engaged in cooking and fuel gathering, Miss Leslie was learning by painful experience the rudiments of dressmaking.

At the start she had all but ruined the beautiful skin of the mother leopard before Blake chanced to see her and took over the task of cutting it into shape for a skirt. But when it came to making a waist of the cub fur, he said that she would have to puzzle out the pattern from her other one. Between cooking three meals a day over an open fire, gathering several armfuls of wood, and making a dress with penknife, thorn and catgut, the girl had little time to think of other matters than her work.

Winthrope had been gazetted as hunter in ordinary. His task was to keep Miss Leslie supplied fresh eggs and each to kill as many of the boobies [illegible] which, in turn, [illegible] to himself [illegible] on the bows, with the look of one especially preoccupied. Blake welcomed the occasion to spend some little time among the bamboos.

When at sunset Miss Leslie withdrew into the baobab, Winthrope somewhat officiously insisted upon helping her set up her screen in the entrance. As he did so, he took the opportunity to hand her a bamboo knife, and to draw her attention to several double-pointed bamboo stakes which he had hidden under the litter.

"What is it?" she asked, troubled by his furtive glance back at Blake.

"Merely precaution, you know," he whispered. "The ground in there is quite soft. It will be necessary, once I've put up the stakes, with their points inclined towards the entrance."

"But why?"

"Not so loud, Miss Genevieve! It struck me that if any one should seek to enter in the night, he would find these stakes decidedly unpleasant. I've seen how you handle them. As you see, the sharper points, which are to be set uppermost, may be used to carve, before them up now, before it grows too dark. You know how ninepins are set—that shape. Now, I'll show you how to arrange to guard the entrance, you need not be afraid to go to sleep at once."

Then Winthrope set to work, and began to thrust the stakes into the ground as he had directed.

He had been mistaken. The vague doubts and fears which she already entertained would have kept her awake through the night, but, thanks to the sense of security afforded by the sword-bayonets of her silent little sentries, the girl was soon able to calm herself, and was fast asleep long before Blake wakened Winthrope.

Immediately after breakfast, Blake—who had spent his watch in grinding the edges from a stone and experimenting with split and bent twigs—put Winthrope's knife to the test, and began an attempt to shape them into a knife blade. To heat the steel to the required temperature he used a bamboo blowpipe, with his lungs for bellows.

Winthrope turned away with an indifferent bearing; but Miss Leslie found herself compelled to stop and admire his dexterous use of his rude tools.

One after another, the keys were welded together, end to end, in a narrow ribbon of steel. The thinnest one, however, was not fastened to the tip until it had been used to burn a groove in the edge of a rib, selected from among the bones which Miss Leslie had thrown out of the baobab. The last key was then fastened to the others; the blade ground sharp, tempered, and inserted in the groove. Finally, pieces of the keyring were fitted in bands around the bone, thru notches cut in the ends of the steel blade. The result was a bone-handled, bone-backed knife, with a narrow cutting edge of fine steel.

Long before it was finished Miss Leslie had been forced away by the requirements of her own work. In fact, Blake did not complete his task until late in the afternoon. At the end, he spent more than an hour grinding the handle into shape. When he came to show the completed knife to Miss Leslie, he was fairly aglow with justifiable pride.

"How's that for an Eskimo job?" he demanded. "Bunch of keys and a bone.

[illegible]

"Nixy! There's little of the inventor in my top piece—only some hustle and a good memory. I was up in Alaska, you know. Saw a sight of Eskimo work."

"Still, it is very skilfully done."

"That may be—Look out for the edge! It'd do to shave. No more bamboo splinters for me—dull when you hit a piece of bone. I'm ready now to skin a rhinoceros."

"If you can catch one!"

"Guess we can find enough of them around here, all right. But we'll start in on some of Win's sheep and cattle."

"Oh, do! One grows tired of eggs, and all these sea-birds are so tough and fishy, no matter how I cook them."

"We'll sneak down to the pool, and make it fry with the bows this evening. I'll give odds, tho, that we draw a blank. Win's got the aim, but no drive; I've got the drive, but no aim. Even if I hit an antelope, I don't think a bamboo-pointed arrow would bother him much."

"Don't the savages kill game without iron weapons?"

"Sure; but a lot have flint points, and a lot of others use poison. I know that the Apaches and some of the other Southern Indians used to fix their arrows with rattlesnake poison."

"How horrible!"

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. I guess they thought guns more horrible when they tackled the whites and got the daylight let thru 'em. At any rate, they swapped arrows for rifles mighty quick, and any one who knows Apaches will tell you it wasn't because they thought bullets would do less dam- [illegible] than arrows. They could every animal in Africa [illegible] you."

"I—I—You put it in such a horrible way. One must consider others, [illegible] as well as people; and yet——"

"Survival of the fittest. I've read some things, and I'm no fool, if I do say it myself. For instance, I'm the boss here, because I'm the fittest of our crowd in this environment; but back in what's called civilized parts, when the law lets a few shrewd fellows monopolize the means of production, a man like your father——"

"Mr. Blake, it is not my fault if papa's position in the business world——"

"Nor his, either—it's the cussed system! No; that's all right, Miss Jenny. I was only illustrating. Now, I take it, both you and Win would like to get rid of a boss like me, if you could get rid of Africa at the same time. As it is, tho, I guess you'd rather have me for boss, and live, than be left all by your lonesomes, to starve."

"I—I'm sure there is no question of your leadership, Mr. Blake. We have both tried our best to do what you have asked of us."

"You have, at least. But I know. If a ship should come tomorrow, it'd be Blake to the back seat. 'Papa, give this [illegible] for the cook for his services, while I chase off with Winnie, to get my look-in on 'is Ri-yal 'ighness——'"

Miss Leslie flushed crimson—"I'm sure, Mr. Blake——"

"Oh, don't let that worry you, Miss Jenny. It don't me. I wouldn't be sore with you if I tried. Just the same, I know what it'll be like. I've rubbed elbows enough with snobs and big bugs to know what kind of consideration they give one of the mahsses—unless one of the mahsses has the drop on them. Hello, Win! What's kept you so late?"

"None of your business!" snapped Winthrope.

Miss Leslie glanced at him, even more puzzled and startled by this outbreak than she had been by Blake's strange talk. But if Blake was angered, he did not show it.

"Say, Win," he remarked gravely, "I was going to take you down to the pool after supper, on a try with the bows. But I guess you'd better stay close by the fire."

"Yes; it is time you gave a little consideration to those who deserve it" rejoined Winthrope, with a peevishness of tone and manner which surprised Miss

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

THE APPEAL.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up your quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, tho poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

—Lieut. Col. John McCrea,
Canadian Army.

THE ANSWER.

In Flanders fields the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles' fly,
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep faith, to fight it thru,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

—C. B. Galbreath.

Leslie. "I tell you, I'm tired of being treated like a dog."

"All right, all right, old man. Just draw up your chair, and get all the hot broth aboard you can stow," answered Blake, soothingly.

Winthrope sat down: but thruout the meal he continued to complain over trifles with the peevishness of a spoiled child, until Miss Leslie blushed for him. Greatly to her astonishment, Blake endured the nagging without a sign of irritation, and in the end took his bow and arrows and went off down the cleft, with no more than a quiet reminder to Winthrope that he should keep near the fire.

When, shortly after dark, the engineer came groping his way back up the gorge, he was by no means so calm. Out of six shots, he had hit one antelope in the neck and another in the haunch; yet both animals had made off all the swifter for their wounds.

The noise of his approach awakened Winthrope, who turned over, and began to complain in a whining falsetto. Miss Leslie, who was peering out thru the bars of her screen, looked to see Blake kick the prostrate man. His frown showed only too clearly that he was in a savage temper. To her astonishment, he spoke in a soothing tone until Winthrope again fell asleep. Then he quietly set about erecting a canopy of bamboos over the sleeper.

Just why he should build this was a puzzle to the girl. But when she caught a glimpse of Blake's altered expression, she drew a deep breath of relief, and picked her way around the edge of her bamboo stakes, to lie down without a trace of the fear which had been haunting her.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

MORNING found Winthrope more irritable and peevish than ever. Tho he had not been called on watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out. Shortly before dawn, Blake was roused by a pack of jackals, snarling and quarreling over the half-dried seafowl. To charge upon the thieves and put them to flight with a few blows of his club took but a moment. Yet daylight showed more than half the drying frames empty.

Blake was staring glumly at them, with his broad back to Winthrope, when Miss Leslie appeared. The sudden cessation of Winthrope's complaints brought his companion around on the instant. The girl stood before him, clad from neck to foot in her leopard-skin dress.

"Well, I'll be—dashed!" he excl[illegible] [illegible] staring at her open-[illegible]

[illegible] becoming [illegible]" she asked, flushing, and turning as tho to show [illegible] of the [illegible]stume.

"Do I?" he echoed. "Miss Jenny, you're a peach!"

[illegible]

[illegible] put up. Seems a pity, tho, to [illegible] when we're getting on so fine. What do you say to leaving it down, and starting a little colony of our own?"

Miss Leslie raised the skirt in her outstretched hands. Behind it her face became white as the cloth.

"Well?" demanded Blake soberly, tho his eyes were twinkling.

"You forget the fever," she retorted mockingly and Blake failed to catch the quaver beneath the light remark.

"Say, you've got me there!" he admitted. "Just pass over your flag, and scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. We'll have the signal up before noon."

Miss Leslie murmured her thanks, and immediately set about the preparation of breakfast.

When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would bear, he called upon Winthrope to accompany him.

"You can go, too, Miss Jenny," he added. "You haven't been on the cliff yet, and you ought to celebrate the occasion."

"No thank you," replied the girl. "I'm still unprepared to climb precipices, even tho my costume is that of a savage."

"Savage? Great Scott! That leopard dress would win out against any set of Russian furs a-going, and I've heard they're considered all kinds of dog. Come on. I can swing you into the branches, and it's easy from there up."

"You will excuse me, please."

"Yes, you can go alone," interposed Winthrope. "I am indisposed this morning, and, what is more, I have had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled Blake, his patience suddenly come to an end. "Well, let me tell you, Miss Leslie is a lady, and if she don't want to go, that settles it. But as for you, you'll go, if I have to kick you every step."

Winthrope cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake. Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness. A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered, "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and's no more to blame for doing the bab[illegible] he gets the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] I'm [illegible] Jenny [illegible]

"Indeed, yes, and I w[illegible] I have [illegible]

"[illegible] me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrope. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of impertinence? In England, now, such insufferable impudence——"

"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill——"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wiggling your legs instead."

Winthrope turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't st[illegible] this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think——"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone. But as he swung away after Winthrope, she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began singeing the hair from the odds and ends of leopard skin, she discovered a new sensation to add to her list of unpleasant experiences. But she did not pause until the last patch of hair crisped close to the half-cured surafce of the hide. Fetching the penknife and her thorn and catgut from the baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along the cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrope to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree, and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crushed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, had so cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent far from difficult even for a young lady.

The one difficulty was to reach the lower branches. She could hardly touch them with her finger-tips. But her barbaric costume must have [illegible]pired her. She listened for a m[illegible] no sound to in[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] eyes [illegible] with satisfaction [illegible]

[illegible] foothold among [illegible] she [illegible] down at the ground, and permitted herself a merry little giggle such as she had not indulged in since leaving boarding-school. She had actually climbed a tree! She would show Mr. Blake that she was not so helpless as he fancied.

At the thought, she clambered on up, finding that the branches made convenient steps. She did not look back, and the screen of tree-tops beneath saved her from any sense of giddiness. As her head came above the level of the cliff, she peered thru the foliage, and saw the signal-flag far over near the end of the headland. The big piece of white duck stood out bravely against the blue sky, all the more conspicuous for the flocks of frightened seafowl which wheeled above and around it.

Surprised that she did not see the men, Miss Leslie started to draw herself up over the cliff edge. She heard Winthrope's voice a few yards away on her left. A sudden realization that the Englishman might consider her exploit ill-bred caused her to sink back out of sight.

She was hesitating whether to descend or to climb up, when Winthrope's peevish whine was cut short by a loud and angry retort from Blake. Every word came to the girl's ears with the force of a blow.

"You do, do you? Well, I'd like to know where in h—l you come in. She's not your sister, nor your mother, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweetheart, you've both been d—d close-mouthed over it."

There was an irritable, rasping murmur from Winthrope, and again came Blake's loud retort. "Look here, young man, don't you forget you called me a cad once before. I can stand a good deal from a sick man; but I'll give it to you straight, you'd better cut that out. Call me a brute or a savage, if that'll let off your steam; but, understand, I'm none of your English kinds."

Again Winthrope spoke, this time in a fretful whine.

Blake replied with less anger: "That's so; and I'm going to show you that I'm the real thing when it comes to being a sport. Give you my word, I'll make no move till you're thru the fever and on your legs again. What I'll do then depends on my own sweet will, and don't you forget it. I'm not after her fortune. It's the lady herself that takes my fancy. Remember what I said to you when you called me a cad the other time. You had your turn aboard ship. Now I can do as I please; and that's what Im going to do, if I have to kick you over the cliff end first, to shut off your pesky interference."

The girl crouched back into the withered foliage, dazed with terror. Again she heard Blake speak. He had dropped into a bitter sneer.

"No chance? It's no nerve, you mean. You could brain me, easy enough, any night—just walk up with a club when I'm asleep. Trouble is, you're like most other under dogs—'fraid that if you [illegible] boss, there'd be no soup [illegible]. So I guess I'm slated to stay boss of this colony—grand Poo Bah and Mikado, all in one. Understand? You mind your own business, and don't go to interfering with me any more! Now, if you've stared enough at the lady's skirt——"

The threat of discovery stung the girl to instant action. With almost frantic haste, she scrambled down to the lower branches, and sprang to the ground. She had never ventured such a leap even in childhood. She struck lightly but without proper balance, and pitched over sideways. Her hands chanced to alight upon the remnants of leopard skin. Great as was her fear, she stopped to gather all together in the edge of her skirt before darting up the cleft.

At the baobab she turned and gazed back along the cliff edge. Before she had time to draw a second breath, she caught a glimpse of Blake's palm-leaf hat, near the crown of the ladder tree.

"O-o-h!—he didn't see me!" she murmured. Her frantic strength vanished, and a deathly sickness came upon her. She felt herself going, and sought to kneel to ease the fall.

She was roused from the swoon by Blake's resonant shout: "Hey, Miss Jenny! where are you? We've got your laundry on the pole in fine shape!"

The girl's flaccid limbs grew tense, and her body quivered with a shudder of dread and loathing. Yet she set her little white teeth, and forced herself to rise and go out to face the men. Both met her look with a blank stare of consternation.

"What is it, Miss Genevieve?" cried Winthrope. "You're white as chalk!"

"It's the fever!" growled Blake. "She's in the cold stage. Get a pot on. We'll——"

"No, no; it's not that! It's only—I've been frightened!"

"Frightened?"

"By a—a dreadful beast!"

"Beast!" repeated Blake. [illegible]

[illegible]

"By Jove!" exclaimed W[illegible] man really must be [illegible] back, Miss Genevieve. If anything should happen to him——"

"If only there might!" gasped the girl.

"Why, what do you mean?"

She burst into a hysterical laugh. "Oh! oh! it's such a joke—such a joke! At least he's not a hyena—oh, no; a brave beast! Hear him shout! And he actually thinks it's a lion! But it isn't—it's himself! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Miss Genevieve, what do you mean? Be calm, pray, be calm!"

"Calm!— when I heard what he said? Yes; I heard every word! In the top of the tree——"

"In the tree? Heavens! Miss—er—Miss Genevieve!" stammered Winthrope, his face paling. "Did you—did you hear all?"

"Everything—everything he said! What shall I do? I am so frightened! What shall I do?"

"Everything he said?" echoed Winthrope.

"You spoke too low for me to hear; but I'm sure you faced him like a gentleman—I must believe it of you——"

Winthrope drew in a deep breath. "Ah, yes; I did, Miss Genevieve—I assure you. The beast! Yet you see the plight I am in. It is a nasty muddle—indeed it is! But what can I do? He is strong as a gorilla. Really, there is only one way—no doubt you heard him taunt me over it. I assure you I should not be afraid—but it would be so horrid—so cold-blooded. As a gentleman, you know——"

"No; it is not that!" broke in the girl. "He is right. Neither of us has the courage—even when he is asleep."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, this beast, instinct to kill——"

"Yes; but think of him. If he is a beast, he is at least a brave one. While we—we haven't the courage of rabbits. I thought you called yourself an English gentleman. Are you going to stand by, and not lift a finger?"

"Really, now, Miss Genevieve, to murder a man——"

"Self-defense in not a crime—self-preservation. If you have a spark of manhood——"

"My dear——"

"For Heaven's sake, if you can't [illegible] anything, at least keep still! [illegible] sure I shall go mad. If only I had been drowned!"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. But real[illegible], what you ask is a good deal for a [illegible] to risk. The fellow might w[illegible] up and murder me! Should I [illegible]

might I—er—expect some manifestation of your gratitude, Miss Genevieve?"

"Of course! Of course! I should always—"

"I—ah—refer to the—the—bestowal of your hand!"

"My hand? I—— Would you bargain for my esteem? I thought you a gentleman!"

"To be sure—to be sure! Who says I am not? But all is fair in love and war, you know. Your choice is quite free. I take it, you will not consider his—er—proposals. But if you do not wish my aid, you have another way of [illegible] least other women [illegible]."

The girl gazed at him, her eyes dilating with horror as she realized his meaning.

"No, no; not that!" she gasped. "I want to live—I've a right to live! Why, I'm only just twenty-two—I——"

"Hush!" cautioned Winthrope. "He's coming back. Be calm! There will be time until I get over this vile malaria. It may be that he himself will have the fever."

"He will not have the fever," replied the girl, a hopeful tone in it, and she leaned back listlessly against the banobab, as Blake swung himself up, frowning and sullen, and flung his weapons from him.

"Bah!" he grumbled, "I told you that brute was a sneak. I've chased clean down to the pools and into the open, and not a smell of him. Must have hiked off into the tall grass the minute he heard me."

"If only he had gone off for good!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Maybe he has; the you never can count on a sneak. Even you might be able to shoo him off next time; but, like as not, he'll come along when we're all out calling, and clean out our commissary. Guess I'll set to and run up a barricade down there where the gully is narrowest. There're shoals of dead thorn-brush to the right of the pool."

"Ah, yes; I fancy the vultures will be so vexed when they find your lodge in the way," remarked Winthrope.

"Why! what's smart we're getting!" retorted Blake. "Don't be peevish. Well now stow the stuff in Miss Jenny's boudoir, and I guess the birdies'll be polite enough to keep out.

"I must say, Blake, I do not see why you should wish to drag us away from here."

"There're lots of things you don't see, Win, me by—jokes, for instance. But what could you expect—pore Englishman. Now, don't get mad. Worst thing in the world for malaria.

"One would fancy you could see that I am not angry. I've a splitting headache, and my back hurts. I am ill."

[illegible] however, [illegible]

[illegible] Miss Jenny, we'll appoint you chief nurse. Make him comfortable as you can, and give him hot broth whenever he'll take it. You can do your sewing on the side. Whenever you need help, call on me. I'm going to begin that barricade."

CHAPTER XIV

FEVER AND FIRE AND FEAR

BY NIGHTFALL Winthrope was tossing and grumbling on the bed leaves which Miss Leslie had [illegible] ped beneath his canopy. The not de[illegible]rfous, with high temperature, coupled with the pains which racked every nerve and bone in his body, rendered him light-headed. He would catch himself up in the midst of some rambling nonsense to inquire anxiously whether he had said anything silly or strange. On being assured that this he would relax again, and, as likely as not, break into a babyish wail over his aches and pains.

Blake shook his head when he learned that the attack had not been preceded by a chill.

"Guess he's in for a hot time," he said. "There is more'n one kind of malarial fever. Some are a whole lot like, yellow."

"Typhus" What is that?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sort of rapid fire, double action typhoid. Not that I think Win's got it—only malaria. What gets me is that we've only been here a week or two, and yet it looks like he's got the [illegible] nous, no-chill kind.

"Then I think he will be very ill."

"Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, this we've had good water and it usually takes time for malaria to soak in deep. Now, don't worry, Miss Jenny. He'll do him no good and me a lot of harm. Take things as easy as you can, for you've got to keep up your strength. If you don't, you'll be down yourself before Win is u

"I'll while he is helpless and unable! Oh, it cannot be! I must not give way to the fever until——"

"Don't worry. You'll likely stave it off for a couple of weeks or so. You're lively yet, and that's a good stem. I know Win was in for it when he began to grouch and loaf and do the baby act. I haven't much use for dudes in general, and English dudes in particular; but I admit that, while Win's soft enough in sorts, he's not all mush and milk. Thank you, Mr. Blake."

"You're welcome. I couldn't say less, seeing that Win can't speak for himself. Now you tumble in and get a good sleep. I'll go on as night nurse, and wake up the [illegible]. [illegible] You're not going to do any night nursing. I can gather the thorn brush in the afternoons, and pile it up at night."

In the morning Miss Leslie found that [illegible] had built a shelter of leaves over the invalid, in place of the first ramshackle structure.

"It's best for him to be out in the air," he explained; "so I fixed this up to keep off the dew. But I'll prevent it rains, we'll have to tote him inside."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. How is he?" murmured the girl.

"He's about the same this morning. But he got a little sleep. Keep him dosed with all the hot broth he'll take. And [illegible] breakfast. Now I'll have a snooze. So long."

He nodded, and crawled under the shade of the nearest bush, too drowsy to observe her [illegible] of thanks.

At noon, finding that Winthrope's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off alone to the pools. I've had my until nightfall; tho at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn brush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by Blake's brief visits, revelating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrope had soon tired of broth, and craved much [illegible] and craving for cocoanut milk that the stork on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers that went up from the further end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers were more to shreds, and the [illegible] of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of cocoanuts. Under a vain attempt to climb the giant palm on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had gathered and shied the tops of the two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of cocoanut milk, and Blake called it—and dressed his hands. Yet even with the bandages which she made of soft linen rags and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn brush the following day. Unfortunately for him, the fever left him still idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of plaited cocoanut fiber with a long catgut leader. In the after- [illegible] idle with a [illegible] meal.

He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fat-sized fish, the mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green [illegible].

When the odor of the broiling fish spread along on the bed Winthrope sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisping delicacies with a hungry look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with one gulp, like a pike. Then mouth. He ran over to the spri g for a drink, and Winthrope cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe Blake's greedy greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the grill when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick.

"Stuff!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Sewn fish! Don't eat! God! Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that heads of sweat [illegible] rolling down his face. He [illegible] and stretched out a [illegible] quick! Warm water—

"Bird of hell! never mind! Salt! Now, yesterday—

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, in the throes of a racking convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bull-dog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" cried the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outburst of delirious laughter. Winthrope was sitting upright and waving his long, fleshed hands—"Hi! hi! look at 'im run! 'E's got wat'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you——"

There followed a torrent of cockney abuse so foul that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his [illegible] eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body contorted in the [illegible] with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear [illegible] virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas. Indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she had all but disbelieved what her own ears had heard.

And anyway, without his aid, what should she do? Winthrope had already become as weak as a child. The emaciation of his jaundiced features was a mockery of their former plumpness. Blake had said that the fever might run on for another week, and that even if Winthrope recovered, he would probably be helpless for several days besides.

[illegible]

[illegible] concealed the fact from Blake, she herself had been troubled the past week with the depression and lassitude which had preceded Winthrope's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrope recovered, they would both die from lack of care. And if they did not die of the fever, what of their future, here on this desolate savage coast?

But the very keenness of her mental anguish so exhausted and numbed the girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from behind the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was sound, but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay [illegible] trance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and, with teeth bared and back bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the [illegible] skin, the beast de[illegible] uneasy whine.

There was a pause, then, backed by

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three others, the leader approached Winthrope. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot, then, with a ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrope was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was barred by the upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting thru to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrope started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected resistance, the jackals leaped back—only to spring in again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrope was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrope's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrope's shriek, instead of spurring her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again thru her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primeval instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

"Quick—into the tree!" she called.

Still frantic with terror, Winthrope struggled to his feet. [illegible] towards the [illegible] and [illegible] dragging the [illegible] [illegible] Fortunately the [illegible] to run at once and [illegible] [illegible] and Miss Leslie [illegible] Winthrope [illegible] thru the [illegible] turned to face the pack.

The foremost beasts were at the rear edge of the bamboo framework, their eyes close to the ground. Instinct told her that they were crouching to leap. With desperate strength she caught up the canopy before her like a great shield, and drew it in after her until the ends of the cross-bars were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Tho it seemed so firm, she clung to it with a convulsive grasp as she felt the pack leaders fling themselves against the outer side.

But Blake had lashed the bamboos securely together, and none of the beasts was heavy enough to snap the supple bars. Finding that they could not break down the barrier, they began to scratch and tear at the thatch which covered the frame. Soon a pair of lean jaws thrust in and snapped at the girl's skirt. She sprang back, with a cry: "Help! Quick, Mr. Winthrope! They're breaking thru!"

Winthrope made no response. She stooped, and found him lying inert where he had fallen. She had only herself to depend upon. A screen of sharp sticks which she had made for the entrance was leaning against the inner wall, within easy reach. To grasp it and thrust it against the other framework was the work of an instant.

Still she trembled, for the eager beasts had ripped the thatch from the canopy, and their inthrust jaws made short work of the few leaves on her screen. Unaware that even a lion or a tiger is quickly discouraged by the knife-like splinters of broken bamboo, she expected every moment that the jackals would bite their way thru her frail barrier.

She remembered the stakes given her by Winthrope, hidden under the leaves and grass of her bed. She groped her way across the hollow, and uncovered one of the stakes. In her haste she cut her hand on its razor-like edge. All unheeding, she sprang back towards the entrance. She was none too soon. One of the smaller jackals had forced its head and one leg between the bars, and was struggling to enlarge the opening.

Fearful that the whole pack was about to burst in upon her, the girl grasped the bamboo stake in both hands, and began stabbing and lunging at the beast with all her strength. The jackal squirmed and snarled and snapped viciously. But the girl was now frantic. She pressed nearer, and tho the white teeth grazed her wrist, she drove home a thrust that changed the beast's snarls into a howl of pain. Before she could strike again, it had struggled back out of the hole, beyond reach.

Tense and panting with excitement, she leaned forward, ready to stab at the next beast. None appeared, and presently she became aware that the pack had been daunted by the experience of their unlucky fellow. Their snarls and yells had subsided to whines, which seemed to be coming from a greater distance. Still she waited, with the bamboo stake upraised ready to strike, every nerve and muscle of her body tense with the strain.

So great was the stress of her fear and excitement that she had not heeded the first gray lessening of the night. But now the glorious tropical dawn came streaming out of the east in all its red effulgence. Above and thru the bamboo barrier glowed a light such as might have come from a great fire on the cliff top. Still tense and immovable, the girl stared out up the cleft. There was not a jackal in sight. She leaned forward and peered around, unable to believe such good fortune. But the night prowlers had slunk off in the first gray dawn.

In This Sign Conquer

(TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.)

Not by the weight of shot and shell
Or poison gases, fetched from hell,
Not by the shrewd tactician's skill,
The love that maims, the arts that kill;
Not by the bloody battle line,
Circled with flame—not this the sign—
Not by the bitter touch of steel,
Not by the crush of iron heel,
The wild, wide sweep of cruelty
(Tho, God knows, all of this must be),
Not by a brutal bludgeon blow
Shall Western freedom fell the foe.
When this black, dismal dream shall fade,
When this mad phantom shall be laid
[illegible] forever, men shall [illegible]
And men shall [illegible] full
That they who [illegible] the ghastly fray
Were strong [illegible] loved the [illegible]
Because their heart beat strong and free
With world upbearing charity.

Christ smiles behind the battle line:
Who conquer, conquer in this sign.

—ROY TEMPLE HOUSE *in Chicago Daily News.*

The girl drew in a deep, shuddering sigh, and sank back. Her hand struck against Winthrope's foot. She turned about quickly and looked at him. He was lying upon his face. She hastened to turn him upon his side, and to feel his forehead. It was cool and moist. He was fast asleep and drenched with sweat. The great shock of his pain and fear and excitement had broken his fever.

With the relief and joy of this discovery, the girl completely relaxed. Not observing Winthrope's wounds, which had bled a little, she sought to force a [illegible] entrance. It was by [illegible] task to free the wedged framework, and when, after much pulling and pushing, she at last tore the mass loose, she found herself perspiring no less freely than Winthrope. She was far too preoccupied, however, to consider what this might mean. Her first thought was of fire. She ran to her rude stone fireplace and raked over the ashes. They were still warm, but there was not a live ember among them. Yet she realized that Winthrope must have hot food when he awakened, and Blake had carried with him the magnifying glass. For a little she stood hesitating. But the defeat of the jackals had given her courage and resolution such as she had never before known. She returned into the cave, and chose the sharpest of her stakes. Having made certain that Winthrope was still asleep, she set off boldly down the cleft.

At the first turn she came upon Blake's thorn barricade. It stretched across the narrowest part of the cleft in an impenetrable wall, twelve feet high. Only in the center was a gap, which could have been filled by Blake in less than two hours' work. The girl's eyes brightened. She herself could gather the thorn brush and fill the gap before night. They no longer need fear the jackals or even the largest beasts of prey. None the less, they must have fire.

Spurred on by the thought, she was about to spring thru the barricade when she heard the tread of feet on the path beyond. She crouched down, and peered thru the tangle of brush in the edge of the gap. Less than ten paces away Blake was plodding heavily up the trail. She stepped out before him.

"You—you! Are you alive?" she gasped.

"'Live? You bet your boots!" came back the grim response. "You bet I'm alive—tho I had to go Jonah one better to do it. The whale heaved him up; I heaved up the whale—and it took about a barrel of sea-water to do it."

"Sea-water?"

"Sure. . . . I tumbled over twice on the way. But I made the beach. Lord! how I pumped in the briny deep! Guess I won't go into details—but if you think you know anything about seasickness— Whew! Lucky for yours truly, the tide was just starting out, and the wind off shore. I'd fallen in the water, and the Jonah business laid me out cold. Didn't know anything until the tide came up again and soused me."

"I am very glad you're not dead. But how you must have suffered! You are still white, and your face is all creased."

[illegible] happen to [illegible] down here so early?"

[illegible]

"Um-m. I see. Let the fire go out, eh?"

"Do not blame me, Mr. Blake! I was so ill and worn out, and I've paid for it twice over, really I have. Didn't those awful beasts attack you?"

"Beasts? How's that?" he demanded.

"Oh, but you must have heard them! The horrid things tried to kill us!" she cried, and she poured out a half incoherent account of all that had happened since he left.

Blake listened intently, his jaw thrust out, his eyes glowing upon her with a look which she had never before seen in any man's eyes. But his first comment had nothing to do with her conduct.

"How's that?—sorry Win got rousted out of his nice little snooze— Snooze! Why, don't you know, we'd been all alone in our glory by tonight if it hadn't been for those brutes. He was in the stupor, and that would have been the end of him if the beasts hadn't stirred him up so lively. I've heard of such a thing before, but I always thought it was a fake. Here you are sweating, [illegible]"

"I feel much better than yesterday. I did not tell you, but I have felt ill for nearly a week."

"'Fraid to tell, eh?—and you were so scared over the beasts— Scared! By Jiminy, you've got grit, little woman! There's two kinds of scaredness; you've got the Stonewall Jackson kind. If anybody asks you, just refer them to Tommy Blake."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake. But should we not hasten back now to prepare something for Mr. Winthrope?"

"Ditto for yours truly. I'm like that sepulchre you read about—white outside, and within nothing but bare bones and emptiness."

CHAPTER XV.

WITH BOW AND CLUB.

THE fire was soon relit, and a pot of meat set on to stew. It had ample time to simmer. Winthrope was wrapped in a life-giving sleep, out of which he did not waken until evening, while Blake, unable to wait for the pot to boil, and nauseated by the fishy odor of the dried seafowl, hunted out the jerked leopard meat, and having devoured enough to satisfy a native, fell asleep under a bush.

The sun was half down the sky when he sat up and looked around, wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. Miss Leslie was quietly placing an armful of sticks on the fuel heap beside the baobab.

"Hello, Miss Jenny! Hard at it, I see," he called cheerfully.

"Hush!" she cautioned. "Mr. Winthrope is still asleep."

"Good thing for him. He'll need all of that he can get."

"Then you think——"

"Well, between you and me, I don't believe Win was built for the tropics. This fever of his, coming on so soon, wouldn't have hit nine men in ten half so hard. He's bound to have another spell in a month or two, and——"

"But cannot we possibly get away from here before then? Is there no way? Surely, you are so resourceful——"

"Nothing doing, Miss Jenny! Give me tools, and I'd engage to turn out a seagoing boat. But as it is, the only thing I could do would be to fire-burn a log. That would take two or three months, and in the end we'd have a lop-sided canoe that'd live about half a second in one of these tropic squalls."

"Do not the natives sail in canoes?"

"Maybe they do—and they make fire by rubbing sticks. We don't."

"But what can we do?"

"Take our medicine, and wait for a ship to show up."

"But we have no medicine."

"Have no— Say, Miss Jenny, you really ought to have stayed home from boarding school and England long enough to learn your own language. I meant, we've got to take what's coming to us, without laying down or grouching. Both are the worst thing out for malaria."

"You mean that we must resign ourselves to this intolerable situation—that we must calmly sit here and wait until the fever——"

"No; I'll take care we don't sit around very much. We'll go on the hike, soon as Win can wobble. Which reminds me, I've got a little hike on hand now. I'm going to close up that barricade before dark. Me for a quiet night!"

Without waiting for a reply, he took his weapons, and swung briskly away down the cleft.

[illegible] Miss Leslie was pouring a bowl of broth from the stew pot, and did not notice him until he [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Winthrope. He has just [illegible] [illegible] to have beef juice."

"Oh! what's [illegible]

[illegible] I guess they call [illegible] jumped off a little way, and [illegible] what'd hit him. I hauled off [illegible]

"You surely are becoming a splendid archer!"

"Yes; Jim dandy! I could do it again about once in ten thousand shots. All the same, I've raked in this peacherino. Trot out your grill and we'll have something fit to eat."

"You spoke of beef juice."

"I've a dozen steaks ready to broil. Slap 'em on the fire, and I'll squeeze out enough juice with my fist to do Win for tonight."

He made good his assertion, using several of the steaks, which, having lost less than half their juices in the process, were eaten with great relish by Miss Leslie and himself.

Winthrope, after drinking the stimulating beef juice and a quantity of hot water, turned over and fell asleep again while Blake was dressing his wounds. None of these was serious of itself; but Blake knew the danger of infection in the tropics, and carefully washed out the gashes before applying the tallow salve which Miss Leslie had tried out from the antelope fat.

The dressing was completed by torchlight. Blake then rolled the sleeper into a comfortable position, took the torch from Miss Leslie, and left the cave, pausing at the entrance to mutter a gruff good night. The girl murmured a response, but watched him anxiously as he passed out. A step beyond the entrance he paused and turned again. In the red glare of the torch, his face took on an expression that filled her with fright. Shrouded by the gloom of the hollow, she drew back to her bed, and without turning her eyes away from him, groped for one of her bamboo stakes.

[illegible] across the [illegible] The girl stole around and [illegible] at him. He had spread open the antelope skin, and was beginning to slice the meat for drying. Tho his forehead was furrowed, his expression was by no means sinister. Relieved at the thought that the light must have deceived her, she returned to her bed and

was soon sleeping as soundly as Winthrop.

It took strung the greater part of the night on the drying racks, built a smudge fire beneath, and stretched the antelope skin on a frame. This done, he took his club and a small piece of bloody meat, and walked stealthily down the cleft to the barricade. Quiet as was his approach, it was met by a warning yelp on the farther side of the thorny wall, and he could hear the scurry of fleeing animals.

He kept on until the barricade loomed up before him in the starlight. From cliff to cliff the wall now stretched across the gorge without hole or gap. But Blake grasped the trunk of a young date-palm which projected from the barricade near the bottom, and pushed it out. The displacement of the spiky fronds disclosed the low passage which he had made in the center of the barricade. He placed the piece of meat on one side, two or three feet from the hole, and squatted down across from it, with his club balanced beside him.

Hour after hour passed—an hour; and still he waited, silent and motionless as a statue. At last steadily looking eyes glowed on the other side of the thorn wall, and an animal began to creep thru the hole, sniffing for the bait. Blake waited with the incredible skill of an Eskimo. The delay was brief.

With a boldness for which Blake had not been prepared, the beast leaped thru and seized the meat. Even in the dim light, Blake could see that he had lured an animal larger than any jackal. But this only served to lend greater force to his blow. As he struck, he leaped to his feet. The club fell as the striker by lightning and lay still.

Blake prodded the inert form warily; then knelt and passed his hands over it. The beast whirled about just in time to meet the descending club, and the blow had crushed in its skull. Chuckling at his success of his scheme, he ran the palm back into the opening, and swung his prize over his shoulder. When he came to a place where he could think that he had killed a full-grown spotted hyena.

In the morning, when Miss Leslie appeared, there were two hides stretched on bamboo frames, and the air was dark with flies were streaming out into the cleft near the barricade. Blake was sleeping the sleep of the just, and did not awaken until after the fires were out and begun to broil the steaks which he had saved.

Again they had a feast of the fresh antelope meat. But with repletion came more of fastidiousness, and Blake agreed with Miss Leslie when she remarked that they would have to move. He ... presently, and spent half a day on the table of the headland, gathering salt ... [illegible] ...

... part of the ... the hyena and antelope skins. Meantime Miss Leslie continued to nurse Winthrop and to gather firewood. Under Blake's directions, she also purified the salt by dissolving it in a pot of water, and allowing the dirt to settle, when the clarified solution was poured off and evaporated over the fire in one of the earthenware pans.

At first Winthrop had been too weak to sit up. But, treated to a liberal diet of antelope broth, hot water and cocoanut milk, he gained strength faster than Blake had expected. On the third day Blake set him to work on the final rubbing of the new adze on the fifth, he ordered him to go for eggs.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, Winthrop started off without a word of protest. All his peevish irritability and childishness had gone with the fever, and the girl was gratified to see the quiet manner in which he set about a task which seemed an imposition upon his half-regained strength. But the very motive which, seemingly, prevented him from protesting, impelled her to speak for him.

"Mr. Blake!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Winthrope is going off without a word, and I can't call him back. You have no right to send him on such an errand. It will kill him!"

Blake met her indignant look with a sober stare.

"What if it does?" he said. "Better for him to die in the gallant service of his fellows, than to sit here and rot. Eh, Win?"

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Genevieve. I hope I shall pull thru all right. If not——"

"No, you shall not! I'll go myself!"

"See here, Miss Leslie," said Blake, somewhat sternly; "who's got the responsibility of keeping you two alive for the next month or so? I've been in the tropics before, and I know something of the way people have to be nursed again. I'm trying to do my best, and I tell you straight, if you won't mind me, I'm going to make you do as matter how much it hurts your feelings. You how nice and meek Win takes his orders. I explained matters to him last night——"

"I assure you, Blake, you al ... no cause for complaint as to my ... muttered Winthrope, "I should like to observe, however, that in speaking to Miss Leslie——"

"There you are again with your everlasting talk. Get out, and get busy. Tomorrow we all go on a hike to the river."

As Winthrope started off, Blake turned to Miss Leslie, with a good-natured grin.

"You see, it's this way, Miss Jenny—if he began to ... me ... of disdain, and his face darkened. "Mad, eh? So that's the racket!"

"Mr. Blake, I will not have you talk to me in this way. Mr. Winthrope is a gentleman, but nothing more to me than a friend such as any young woman——"

"That settles it! I'll take your word for it, Miss Jenny," broke in Blake, and springing up, he set about his work, whistling.

The girl gazed at his broad back and erect head, uncertain whether she should feel relieved or anxious. The more she thought the matter over, the more uncertain she became, and the more she wondered at her uncertainty. Could it be possible that she had become interested in a man who, if her ears had not deceived her—— But no! That could not be possible.

Yet what a ring there was to his voice—so clear and tonic after ... [illegible] ... if need be; but he would make what he thought was best for her.

Was it not possible that he had misunderstood his words on the cliff, and so misjudged—wronged—him?—that Winthrope, as eager to stipulate for her hand—— But then Winthrope had more than confirmed her dreadful conclusions taken from Blake's words, and Winthrope was an English gentleman. It could not be possible that an English gentleman——

She ended in a state of utter bewilderment.

Winthrope's weakness is the result of necessity. He knows that if they are to live he must yield to Blake. But beneath is smoldering the rivalry which comes when two men want one woman. Developments are rapid in the next installment.

What Did They Do to Him?

"All ships have baseball teams." During the long warm evenings, outside of routine aboard ship, baseball is the absorbing topic.

We had just come into port and the regular team with the different division teams were waiting to go ashore for the first baseball game. They were on deck near the gangway when the ship's joker came running aft.

"It's all off, fellows! No more baseball during the war!" The boys turned around in amazement. At last some one said: "Why?"

Holding up a newspaper the joker replied: "The Senate has passed Bill 270,321, which says no more strikes will be called on the war."

The captain's yeoman reported an absentee next morning.—Judge.

* * *

The Dissipation of George.

"MY DEAR, you mustn't let anybody read that letter from Cousin George at the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with this letter? It's mighty interesting."

"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have any one know of his doings."

"I don't get you at all."

"You don't? Didn't you read that part of his letter where he says he was out with a British tank last night and they rolled all over the place?"

Just Like They Did.

REPRESENTATIVE SCOTT FERRIS of Oklahoma, who is training for the Senatorial campaign of the present. A recent experience he had proves it.

Ferris was down in the Osage country looking after some oil leases when his night overtook him and he stopped at the home of a renter for shelter and food. When dinner was served the family of the members of the household poured their coffee into their saucers to let it cool, and Ferris did likewise. After moments later, according to a friend who accompanied Ferris, two of the women folk were overheard discussing the Congressman.

"He seems plain, don't he?" one said.

"Yep, he acts just like other people," the saucers his coffee just like anybody that wasn't stuck up would."

* * *

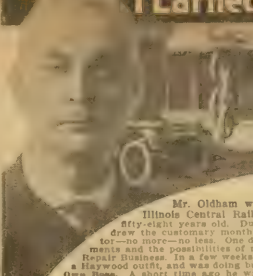
Wanted a Substitute.

"JOHN," said the clergyman to his new man, "did you—er—ever employ strong language?"

The new man blushed, self-consciously. "Well, sir," he faltered, "I—I may be a little carelessslike in my speech at times."

"Ah," murmured the clergyman, "I'm sorry, John—I'm sorry! But we will converse on that at some more fitting time. Just now I want you to go to Jenkinson & Blenkinson and settle this bill for repairing my summer house. And you might talk to them, John, as if it were your own bill, in a carelessslike sort of way. Will you, John?"

I Earned $2200 IN FOUR MONTHS



This is Wm. Oldham

Mr. Oldham was telegraph operator for the Illinois Central Railroad for twenty years. He is fifty-eight years old. During all those twenty years, he drew the customary monthly salary of a telegraph operator—no more—no less. One day he read one of my advertisements and the possibilities of making money in the Auto Tire Repair Business. In a few weeks, he had purchased and installed a Haywood outfit, and was doing business for himself. He was His **One Boss.** A short time ago he wrote us that his income in four months was as much as it had been in Two and One-Half years as Telegraph Operator.

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I Must Have 500 Men

to fill these places within the next 60 days

I have a big interesting book to send you—a book about tires—it tells all about them—how they are repaired by the Haywood method—and explains the business—gives inside figures and profit. Gives actual proof of success in this line of others who are now operating Haywood Shops and making big money. What these men have done you can do. $2500 to $4000 a year is conservative ... will give you a start. You can ... tire repairing. There's ... there are tires that need repairing. You ... know that. All you need is an open ... shop—put out a Haywood sign, and ... Tire owners will come to you, ... come you and the service you ... them. If you haven't room ... "Sign of the Man and Machine" ... there is a big opportunity awaiting you.

Sign the Coupon and mail it today or send a post card or letter.

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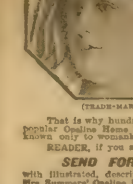
A Woman's Message to Women



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S. B.

PARDNER

By Hapsburg Liebe

The world war has produced many strange stories, but none of them more odd than this one out of the almost forgotten past of another struggle.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

IT WAS a volunteer outfit, and it had campaigned in the malarial jungles of the island that was called "Bloody Samar" long enough to be given a rest. Company L was sent by way of the Compania Maritima S. S. Brutus to Rombion, which is a small town on the coast of a small and unevenly thrown together island of the same name. Here it took up quarters in a great old Spanish government building. A semi-circular line of hills runs around the town, from bay-shore to bayshore; it was, as Bryson remarked dryly when he first saw it at close range, a very fine place for an ambush.

Bryson was a Tennessee mountaineer, and we called him that from the moment he came on board the Rombion—a grub steamer, a bleeding-raw recruit fresh from the States. The mountains were still in him as he showed himself some weeks later that he had come into the service because his sweetheart had died on the very day she had been set for their wedding. Also, I learned at the same time that he would hold no regret if he but had the opportunity to pass out like a man. This would have been forgotten, mawkish, of course, if he had indeed. But he didn't parade it. He said it only once, and that was under extraordinary circumstances.

He was a tall fellow, this Bryson, straight, silent, and good looking in a strong, stern sort of way. At retreat, his first evening with us, the "top" put him in the first squad of the first division, because of his height.

Then, with Captain Morley standing like a sword-girted statue in brown granite behind him, Top Sergeant Henderson straightened at his post before the center of the company, opened his little book of names, and began to call the roll in his bull-like voice. First the names of the other non-commissioned officers; then he began with the privates.

"Angel, Arnold, Ayer—Black, Bore, Bonnie, Brown—"

And to each of these a man had sung out the regulation, military, "Here!"

"Bryson," called the top; and there was no answer. Yet Bryson was there.

"Bryson!" bellowed Henderson.

The man we called The Rooky glanced at the sergeant coldly, with something like new hatred in his dark eyes, and answered in a musical, backwoods-y-hoodhouse drawl:

"Present."

"Never mind, Sergeant," cut in the company's commanding officer.

"Butler—Carroll, Chavis, Henderson went on with it.

was after roll-call

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up was over, the Tennessean was mad clean down to his toes.

The next time he saw Captain Morley he deliberately and flagrantly refused to salute him, and half the company witnessed it. There was but one thing to do, and the captain did it: he had Bryson placed in the guardhouse. It was the Army's jail, and Bryson felt disgraced.

But they didn't keep him there long, and after that he would as half a mile out of his way to keep from being arrested again for refusing to salute. And—then came a time when I found this out without having to ask for it—Captain Morley often turned aside to avoid a meeting with Bryson. That was the kind of heart our company's commander had in him.

Well, time slipped on, and The Rooky did his bit at guard duty perfectly. Within a month, he had learned to handle himself with the best of us at drill. But they still flung his nickname at him, after the fashion of soldiers; and he resented it like poison, although he said so. As an act of retaliation, he never would let any of us claim companionship with him. He was a lone man in a hundred-efficient, strong and fit as a soldier except in the matter of saluting Captain Morley, but alone.

But he soon came to long for comradeship. And one day he found it. I'm sorry, for us all, and the rest of them are sorry now, I know, that he ever found it him about it.

Our western hill was low and bare, and at the base of it was a long and narrow gully where carabaos wallowed now and then. One of those lazy tropical afternoons found most of us lounging on the shaded concrete of the great old quarters building, when a troop of monkeys came down the western hill to drink at the pond. The biggest one, I remember, was the male image on the crest and waited, like a sort of sentinel, or like a chief.

There was one very little monkey that lagged behind the others when they started back. It carried its long tail straight in the air, as the it were proud of it, and wished to take exceptionally good care of it. Then a khaki-brown streak shot out of the building below us. It was Bryson, the self-elected pariah. He overtook the very little monkey, caught it in his hands, and carried it to quarters. There he fed it, petted it, thought of it as his one real friend, and named it "Pardner."

"It looks enough like you," teased Big McNell, "to be your brother."

Bryson put the monkey in his locker for five minutes then, and during that five minutes he whipped Big McNell. That whooped our respect for Bryson a thest from the guardhouse, near a thicket of bamboos. When the early afternoon relief marched forth with a man to take Bryson's place for two hours, there was no Bryson. He was gone, and so was his rifle. If the natives who lived in nipa-and-bamboo huts near by knew anything concerning the mountaineer's disappearance, they wouldn't tell it.

When we went to quarters to look for the monkey, we were disappointed again.

That looked be

I had mounted guard with the h

morning, and that evening

hell me to number two post,

which lay in front of the main outer door of headquarters—the best

"Capt'n—Put On Your Hat. I'm All Right. I Didn't Ketch Pardner."

hundred per cent. But still he wouldn't associate with us.

Pardner became tame almost immediately, and then he became a nuisance—to all except his master, that is; Bryson loved the monkey, and Pardner—well, his later actions showed he reciprocated. Pardner would steal pipes, cigarettes and matches, pencils, knives and watches, pens and bottles of ink, and anything else he could roll or carry or drag, and hide them somewhere about Bryson's bunk. Fortunately, he never accused the mountaineer himself of stealing. But it was during the nights that Bryson spent on guard, that the monkey bothered us most. The little wretch always got cold in the night, and he would go the whole round of the bunks, waking us, trying to find a man who was willing to accept him as a bedfellow. Bryson, you see, permitted Pardner to sleep at his feet.

One morning Luttrell tried to feed Pardner powdered glass in a banana, and Bryson caught him in the act. Again the monkey spent five minutes in a locker, while Bryson whipped Luttrell. The latter went out and filled up on vino del pais, returned to quarters lighted up like a French ballroom, tied a knot in Pardner's tail and broke it. The fight lasted only two minutes this time. The mountaineer took his moaning, chattering pet to a doctor, and succeeded in having the broken member amputated halfway and dressed.

Then it began to happen. The Rooky had been walking the guard post far-

rooms on the lower floor of the quarters building served as headquarters. I could hardly help overhearing this conversation between the Captain and First Lieutenant Pendleton.

"Do you think he has deserted?" Pendleton asked.

"It must be that he's met with foul play," the company commander muttered. "I can't believe he has deserted. Where could he go, in the event he did desert? How could he get away from the island?"

"Foul play seems to be the answer," said the Lieutenant. "Have you made any plans, sir?"

"We'll mount a strong guard here tomorrow, and comb the island with the rest of the company," Captain Morley answered. "The island is noted for its lack of insurrectos, and yet—well, you never can tell."

"No," Pendleton agreed, "you never can tell."

An hour past midnight I was again walking the post at headquarters when I heard, or fancied that I heard, a noise a little way out toward the eastern wing of the half-round line of hills. I halted with rifle at a port, listened and strained my eyes. A minute later I saw the dim outline of the figure of a tall man, and he was coming rapidly toward me.

"Halt! Who's there?" I challenged immediately.

"Me—Bryson," came instantly from the tall figure; and he didn't wait for me to advance him according to the orders of my post, but came right on. "I got to see the Capt'in," he said with a snap that was unusual for him—"I got to see the Capt'in quick."

While I was striving to remember just what should be done, military regulations considered, Bryson sprang to the front door of headquarters and began to man beside

called

A light came to life in the quarters of the officers. Corporal Allen and two men, their Krags in their hands, came running up to me. "Bryson just came in—he's back, he," I told the corporal, "and I think something's wrong. He's lost his gun, at least."

Just then Captain Morley came out, half dre

Is the matte

I asked him, short, in order that I might better hear what it was Bryson had to tell. I heard every word of it.

"Capt'in," he said, "this here is Bryson," and I noted that he did not salute. "I was afeard some o' them fellers had plan Pardner stole, so I jumped out o' bed him inside o' my shirt, and sneaked him out to my post wi' me, and turned him loose. Later on, when nothing got by—as on a bamboo thicket, it was all of Pardner deserted me, simply flew into the bamboo, and I'm not after him. That monkey was the only friend I had here, and I shore couldn't stand to lose him. But, to save me, I couldn't ketch him, the short-tailed devil—"

The light that Pendleton had brought to the room just behind the open door-way of one of the cells revealed the haggling face of Corporal Allen. Morley saw it, and it seemed to anger him.

"Corporal," the Captain bade him, "you will place Private Bryson under arrest."

The man who had quit his post drew himself up straight. "All right, sir," he said queerly, somehow triumphantly—"oh, all right! If you don't want to listen, all right! I'll meet you in the New Jerusalem, at daybreak in the morning—"

"What do you mean?" demanded Morley

"Nothin'," Bryson answered. "nothin' at all."

Allen and his men returned to the guardhouse, and they took the mountaineer with them.

It was then that I first began to feel really sorry for Bryson. When I went back to the guard's quarters, after having been properly relieved two hours past midnight, I saw that I

rather sheepi

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

a brown horde, armed with rifles and bolos and poisoned bamboo spears, rush toward our quarters building. They meant to put us to death the moment we feared; they expected to find us dazed and sleep-heavy, and therefore easy targets—and it would have been like that, without a doubt, had not little Pardner listened to the call of the jungle.

More yells, piercing, hair-raising, blood-curdling, split the night air. At the Captain's command, we rose and ran out the hillside, and in the semi-darkness, and practically surrounded, it seemed, the horde was in plainest view for us, the company commander's revolver spat out a bullet and a roar, the rifles spoke immediately by a volley from our Krags. The attackers were at a marked disadvantage, being in the night as they were; we had turned the tables on them, thanks to Pardner and Pardner's master. But the Filipinos were brave, and they did not give up without a sharp struggle, tho they were shockingly poor marksmen. We closed in upon them at dawn, when the fight began to die down. In many places it became a battle between bayonet and clubbed rifle against clubbed rifle and bolo and bamboo spear.

The sun had risen when we corralled them at last, those of them who were alive, by our quarters building, and made them prisoners.

When morning rollcall came off, there were nine men out with wounds of more or less seriousness, and one man missing, and the missing man was Bryson. We found him at the back edge of the town. He was lying on his back; his face was ashen, and his eyes were closed to the light of day. The barrel of his clubbed rifle was still gripped tightly in both his hands, and his cartridge-belt was empty, as a tribute to his prowess as a fighter. A ghastly ring of massed skulls lay around him. Captain Morley bent over and shook him gently.

"Bryson, Bryson," he said feelingly.

Bryson stirred more, and the Captain knelt at his shoulder. Our commanding officer's eyes were full to overflowing. He put up a hand slowly, and bared his head.

It was then that the mountaineer looked down, and seemed to understand perfectly.

"Cap'tin," he mumbled, smiling. "Cap'tin, . . . I'm . . . I'm sore hurt. . . . I'm all right. . . . I didn't ketch Pardner."

Morley at once set twelve men to looking for the monkey.

Bryson was taken to a cot in an upstairs room of quarters, which served us as a hospital, and everything that cared for his wounds; he was cut badly, and shot badly. He wanted Pardner, and twelve more began to beat the bamboos for the little, short-tailed monkey—but this dozen never caught Pardner, nor did the other dozen, and . . . It was here that Bryson told the Captain about the girl that death had snatched from him, and about wishing that he might pass out like a man. Morley changed the subject, he tried to tell the mountaineer why strict discipline was necessary among soldiers.

I stood in the adjoining room, with my arm in a sling, and saw it all, heard it all, thru the open doorway. When the Captain had finished talking, an unusual light spread over Bryson's sunburned face, his dark eyes twinkled merrily, I remember, as the final good thought of a good joke. Before it could be presented, Bryson stood on his feet for one second, brought a hand upward, and saluted: "Thar, Cap'tin——" he said happily.

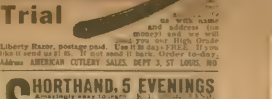
When we fell into line at retreat that evening just after sundown, we were a thoughtful company of men. The Captain stood, like a sword-girted statue in brown granite, behind the first sergeant, awaiting his report. From somewhere back in the bamboos, a yellow iguana cried out gutturally to its mate, the soft sea-breeze whispered gently in the palm-fronds. "Henderson drew out his names book, and called the roll of the ——— noncommissioned officers then he be——— with the names of the privates.

"Angel, Arnold. . . . Ayer—Black, Bone, Boone, Bryan, Bryson——"

Here Henderson stopped. His big voice had clogged. Captain Morley spoke quickly and without a hint of sadness, steadily, as the in explanation.

"He passed out like a man."

As a unit the company turned its eyes toward an ellipse of sun-shot on the edge of the western hill. And there, with its bullet-shaped little head bowed to its breast, in silent and motionless as an image, sat Bryson's monkey, Pardner.



A Subway Flirtation

By George Haskell

[Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.]

ELVA CRANE never could see any harm in miscellaneous flirtations. She smiled a good-looking man in subways, theater lobbies, anywhere when the mood took her. When, as it sometimes happened, men presumed to speak to her she gave them a freezing stare, or a sharp answer, as tho they had been greatly mistaken.

In her aunt, with whom she lived, and friends who really cared for her, remonstrated, scolded or implored her to desist before it be too late for consequences. She laughed it off as a good joke, and declared she could take care of herself.

Her [illegible] attractive and lovable [illegible] peculiarities were generally [illegible] but to her greatest friend and particular chum, Janet Park, who was [illegible] with her during these escapades.

[illegible] Janet prim nor [illegible] [illegible] She was a good talker, bubbling over with humor, and while not pretty as Elva, she had a personality that grew on acquaintance.

One day when sitting with Elva in the subway, she became aware of the prolonged stare of a young man a few seats away. Looking at Elva she soon saw the cause, and leaned toward the stranger smile at her companion.

"Elva, how can you make yourself so cheap?" she exclaimed.

"Cheap?" echoed Elva in surprise. "Why, it's only a little fun!"

"But suppose you should ever be introduced in society to one of these men, how would you feel?"

"Why, I'd feel as tho we had already started an acquaintance," she laughed.

"Well, I wouldn't. I'd be too ashamed to look him in the face."

"Heavens! What a Miss Prim you are! Get over it. Bear' It's getting on my nerves."

"Not any more than your performances are getting on mine. We've been pretty good pals, and I hate to say it, but I tell you now, this is the last time I go anywhere with you, if you're going to get every man in the place staring at us."

"I don't see but one," she said unperturbedly.

"Well, I do, and I wish I were home."

"Oh, come, Janet! Don't get fussed!" she coaxed.

The train had slowed up in a station, and some one in the conversation had evidently been audible to the gentleman in question. His eyes narrowed a bit as he listened, and he smiled again looking out of the window.

When the two girls got off he followed them and spoke to Elva in the station. She gave him a freezing look, exclaiming: "How dare you?"

"I beg your pardon," he said, and went on.

Janet had hurried on, leaving Elva to her fate, but the girl overtook her at the next corner.

"There!" said Janet, "I hope you've had enough."

[illegible] answered. Long rather [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Ridgell Pride

By Louis Guerard

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

LOOKING the situation squarely in the face, Nancy Ridgell frankly told herself that of all the foolish little virgins who are wont to trim their lamps too late she was entitled to the crown of thorns as the least deserving of the breed.

Nancy's plight came about because of a silly quarrel on the eve of Ralph Parlee's departure for the training camp. What their difference was about, or why perverse fortune precipitated it just at this most unhappy time, may or may not be an underlying cause of the strange things that happened thereafter. To the mind of the fatalistic bent they would have happened anyway.

Now that she had had time to think it over soberly and without the bias of wounded pride, Nancy began to realize that the fault had been here. Foolish things sometimes happen on the road to happiness—quite unnecessary, if quite unavoidable, calamities. It had happened with too little warning, quickly and disastrously, like a fast express running into a carelessly open switch. Ah, if her faith had only been strong enough to have kept her serenely above the level of suspicion; if she had weighed the incident a little longer before hastening to mental unconcern; if, in fact, drawn conclusion; if—— What a world of regret there was in every "if"—the vain urge back over the irrevocable mind that led nowhere but to the land of discontent!

Ralph did not write. Of course, he would not. Nancy consoled herself for his apparent dereliction of duty. Had not the cause of her unhappiness been almost wholly of her own making? The Parlees were a proud people. The Ridgells, too, held their heads even higher in the echo of offended dignity across the gulf between them stretched wide and shoreless and sailless.

Now and then, in moments of softened pride and of the unbridled longing that flames in the heart over the thought of things that should never have been lost, Nancy felt her resistance breaking down. She wanted to write, write, and empty the cup of her unhappiness and fill it again to the brim with the sweet wine of life. But, when it came to putting her secret desires into execution, a substantial difficulty arose—namely, the Ridgell pride. And so Nancy did not write.

Gradually there came over the girl a chance. If fate meant always to stand at the gates of paradise with a [illegible] to exclude the injustice until it could find a way to outwit the enemy at his own game. In the meantime, she would find other things to do.

Patriotism knows no law of sex. Stirred to the depths of her loyal heart by her country's call, she stepped forward to volunteer her services. After a course of training, they told her, she could qualify for duty in the Red Cross, or, if she preferred immediate service, there was plenty of work for willing hands at home. The country needed more food; the Government needed more men and women of good common sense and sound judgment to teach the people how to produce more and how to save what they produced.

Over in Rabun County, among the hardy mountain folk, a woman of tact and energy and resourcefulness was needed to help the housewives and the girls with their garden truck and with the thousand and one ways of improving their domestic economy. Would Nancy go?

"I'm ready at a moment's notice!" she replied, with all the enthusiasm of a soldier of the common good.

Weeks of active service, carrying her in a cease-from-troubles over the pleasant hills and into the fertile valleys of Rabun, in a measure softened the pain in Nancy's heart. Work, indeed, is nepenthe, being a healer of sorrows as human agency can attain, and the girl applied herself with a zest and a devotion and enthusiasm to her duties. She obtained immediate results, too, because the people of Rabun were loyal to their country and willing to make any reasonable sacrifice for its good. "Mountaineers are always freemen," Nancy recalled, and she felt a conscious depth of pride in being able to serve among a people so ready to fall in line and obey her commands.

No country in this broad land is without its little coterie of disloyal men. There was a small gang of Free Lances in Rabun, led by Rafe Hinson—the human dregs left after Rabun had waged its final successful fight for law and order and civilization, and had driven the worst of the lawless element to the other borders. Rafe had a long list of crimes to his discredit, punished and unpunished; he had killed his man, had finished his fourth term in prison, and now, at last, was at liberty with no further price on his head—a snarling, raging Ishmael of crime whose red hand was lifted in bitter resentment against every man in Rabun having respect for the law. The call of the sons of freedom to the colors drained Rabun of many a likely lad, and with the county's natural protectors diminished by numbers, Rafe instantly summoned his lawless band to renew a bolder offensive against those who had brought him to account for his sins.

The outlaw's burning desire for revenge was not particularly individualized. It was more the protest of an anarchist against society, the fury of his wrath at seeing his power swept overthrow of that mighty, but intangible, force known as the law.

Late one afternoon in summer, when the dream-inspiring haze encircled the distant hills in a deeper blue, the storm broke unexpectedly.

Nancy was on her way to Whitewater, riding peacefully over the tortuous road that trailed the shaggy bosom of Squirrel Knob like a blacksnake, when Cleve Sargent leaped from a clump of rhododendron and intercepted her. Cleve was one of her trusted friends in the mountains.

Instantly, from the sober expression on the boy's face and from the unspoken message in his flashing eyes, she knew that trouble was brewing somewhere in Rabun. They rode silently, side by side, until they came to a stretch of road that ran through a deep cut, where there was no possibility of an enemy lying in concealment to hear what they said.

Cleve told her in a few pointed words, reserving further discussion until the first flush of excitement was over.

"Tonight," he concluded, the boy spoke in a tone low but tense with suppressed feeling, "Rafe and his gang—eight men in all—have planned to capture the three men guardin' the big trestle over Whitewater and then afterwards dynamite the bridge. They plan to get their work done jes' afore the [illegible] passes over it."

Cleve paused, his head bowed in earnest thought.

"Well?" Nancy turned a helpless face toward him, the horror of the thing constricting the muscles of her throat. The boy looked at her forward until his lips almost touched her hair. "We've got to block their game!" he snapped, suddenly pulling his pony to its haunches with a savage jerk at the reins.

Nancy's brain cleared quickly; her courage returned; a wild determination filled her heart. She looked at her watch.

"If we hurry," she said, "we can reach the valley in time to organize an armed party to block this awful tragedy."

"Never!" Cleve's voice was grave, laying a restraining hand on her arm. "In two hours the express will be due. It'll take three hours to reach the valley and arouse the men and get them ready. It's full three miles to the bridge, and the last stretch is through mountains, without road or path, and—and it's up to us, lady."

For a full minute perhaps Cleve's tense, set face met with the fierce rage of his race, looked straight into a girl's.

"Can you do it?" he asked simply.

In the moment of hesitation that followed Nancy thought of many things. She thought out of the confusion of them one clear thought. "Your country calls you—you!" it seemed to ring in her ears.

"Yes," she said confidently. "I can, and will!"

A smile of admiration glorified Cleve's face. Then briefly, in the snatches of time when they were compelled to stop for a breathing spell, Cleve gave an account of his discovery—how that morning Rafe's little band, pitching their day's camp in the shelter of a great overhanging bowlder in the gorge in which Cleve had taken refuge from a heavy downpour of rain, had planned to kidnap or murder the three men guarding the bridge and wreck the southbound express—how he had lain, fuming and fretting, in his hiding-place, his mind almost breaking the bounds of reason in his mad desire to make his escape and inform his friends—how, at last, when all the party was temporarily withdrawn from the rendezvous, he slipped out of his hiding-place, crawled over jagged rocks that barked his shins and thru sharp briers that tore his clothes and scarred his hands and face, until he reached his pony tethered at the foot of Squirrel Knob—how, at the sound of approaching hoofbeats, he took shelter in the clump of rhododendron, only to find that a friend, and not an enemy, rode along the highway.

As the two rode their way thru the wild mountain region Nancy had time to appraise Cleve as she had never done before. A brave and ambitious boy of 16, intelligent but unlettered, he had answered his country's call with a zeal for service worthy of the highest patriotism. But, of course, they could not take him, a mere boy. And Cleve had felt the bitter sting of disappointment as only those who have been denied the pleasure of such service can feel. Hiding, however, his grief—such takes its disappointments sorely!—Cleve Sargent had offered his services—a "greenhorn's help," he termed it—to Miss Nancy in her work in Rabun. She found him an assistant and a friend on whom she always could rely, and often she had called on him when she was doing him more in the way than as a helper because she knew the depth of his wounds and wanted, out of her abundant sympathy, to do what she could to heal them.

Once as they rested on the crest of a ridge Nancy read the finer lines of courage—and of disappointment—in the boy's face.

She gripped his hand impulsively to cheer him. "Cleve, I'll take you, my boy—the finest soldier of them all!"

Cleve swallowed hard, then arose, without a word. But in the silent chambers of his heart there echoed a sweet psalm of joy, and the boy was filled to the brim with a new courage to the front and showed no sign of inward feeling.

On the next ridge they caught a glimpse of the guard on duty, walking in measured step along the trestle over Whitewater. Both Nancy and Cleve had known the three soldiers—Ormsby, Powe and McGowan—since the time of their first arrival to guard the bridge. They were fine fellows, clean in thought and habit and over mindful of the obligations resting upon them as citizens. Nancy felt closer to the guardsmen by ties of acquaintanceship—felt a deeper interest [illegible]

Dusk was settling down when Nancy and her guide reached the last lap of their hurried journey. It was only a short distance to the bridge, and they left their ponies in concealment. In a quarter of an hour they would have ample time to reach the unsuspecting soldiers and warn them of their danger.

It was customary for only one soldier to patrol the trestle at a time, the other two being free to rest conveniently at hand in case of emergency. If Rafe and his band could surprise the two men who were off duty—and it would be an easy matter to accomplish—the man on the trestle could be managed without difficulty. Eight rifles against one hardly admitted of doubt as to the outcome of the attack on the survivor.

The rescue would have been carried out without a hitch had not there been an unfortunate accident happened just as Nancy and Cleve prepared to descend the last steep declivity leading down to the foot of the trestle. They came to a shelf of rock, overgrown with scraggly brush, dipping abruptly and perpendicularly for about ten or twelve feet. Cleve deftly caught a tithe sapling and swung himself down on the narrow ledge below. But when Nancy followed suit the roots of the young tree loosed a large granite bowlder, which slipped slowly at first and finally began to crush the girl before she could get out of the way. But, with swift presence of mind, she threw herself to the ledge of rock at the foot of the wall to avoid the descending avalanche of stone and earth. The large bowlder rolled with a dull thud against her retreat and shut her in a trap, leaving an opening too small for her to creep thru to escape. Not a scratch or a bruise did she receive, but, with no hands to help but those of Cleve, no prison bars could have afforded a more secure place of detention.

Desperately, frantically, the boy tried to extricate her; but at last, seeing that she was helpless, he ceased and cried, knowing that he must not lose more time trying to get her out, he yielded to her pleading and hastened off instantly, while there was yet time to save the men at the trestle.

Cleve hurried down the mountainside as fast as it was safe for him to go, his heart heavy with the burden of this fresh misfortune. Left alone, Nancy would not permit herself to give up to a feeling of despondency. She set her nimble wits to work to see if there might be the possibility of a way of escape. She saw none. In an impulse of madness, she dug her fingers into the earth, protesting madly against the cruelty of her misfortune.

For a moment her heart stopped beating. What was that? The earth was soft and spongy. Maybe the rock did not come entirely to the surface. Her mind ran back to the parable of the sower who unwisely planted his seed on stony ground. This must be the kind. Perhaps the earth was soft and yielding. She would try. Failure could not make her position worse. Pieces of sharp, broken stone, unloosed from the mass above, littered the narrow floor of the self-made cave. She seized one in each hand and dug desperately, and, little by little, she began to make the circle of daylight grow in circumference. Little by little, digging, clawing, scratching until the blood ran in tiny trickles from her finger tips into the

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adding a deeper color to the
ed her wings
over hill and valley, the full
just topping the crest to the east,
a flood of silvery light. Nancy
quickly at her watch, fresh
welling in her heart. But thirty
forty minutes had gone. Too
She sat down on a fallen tree
and wept.

moon shone almost as bright as
fallen hair, she could see the full out-
of the trestle, spanning Whitewater
a mammoth spider web, and at once
eyes became riveted in the scene of
tion-to-be lying so serenely down
before her.

The whistle of the express, ten miles
way, floated faintly down the ravine.
Where was Cleve? Had some accident
fallen him, the Ledger's fleet-
eat a wild tattoo of impatient helpless-
ness if she were only there to help
him—

Why, there was the lone soldier pa-
trolling the bridge, moving slowly over
the rails with measured step. She had
intently looking below and natur-
ally had at first confused him with the
Ringgold soldier who was there on the
floor of the trestle. Suddenly, from be-
low, a figure climbed up the embank-
ment at the end of the trestle and start-
ed toward the sentinel. The guard
raised his gun and brought the intruder
to an abrupt halt. The stranger—
heard such fine respect from Rabun that
I never dreamed of trouble from the
gang. . . . The men were tired and
lonesome, and I let them off about the
social recreation together while I stood
guard on the trestle. . . . It's a
blessed thing Cleve got on to the end
of those murderers, or else all of us
might have been killed. Still, I can't
believe that the spirit of Rabun that
"How could you doubt its true spirit?"
flamed Miss Nancy. "Doubt it, Ralph?
The real spirit of these mountaineers
can't be surpassed the world over—is
found in the heart of Cleve Burnett."
Hurriedly the Ledger's fleet-eat voiced his
longings. "Can't you find a place for
him in the service?"

"When I tell him his story, they'll
certainly find a place for Cleve," the
proud lieutenant answered her, con-
fidently.

But what they didn't know—and what
they never would know—was that Cleve
understood perfectly that it was a fixed
part of the plan of Rafe and his mur-
derous gang to snipe the man on duty
on the trestle after having captured or
put the other two guards out of the
way, thus removing the last obstacle to
robbing or wrecking the express.

"And now, Nancy, you must save your-
self. Is the Ridgell pride as unyield-
ing as ever?"

"Cleve," the girl's voice was
tremulous, "Cleve. Instinc-
tively she divined that that particular
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] the express [illegible]
receive the dull roar of its oncoming
[illegible] like distant thunder from hills
[illegible]. What if he had fallen across
the tracks? What if—

There was no time for idle specula-
tion now. She started running madly
down the hill, tripped on a wild vine,
and lay gasping for breath. "Too late,
too late!" she sobbed, and she uttered
an incoherent prayer for help.

Again she strained her eyes in the
direction of the bridge, brushing away
the mist that obscured her vision. Two
of the guards were upon the trestle run-
ning Cleve's entrance. One of the
soldiers, taking a quick position in the
middle of the rails, struck a match,
once, twice, letting the wisp of
flame flicker for a moment its message
for help. The express slowed down,
with screeching, protesting wheels
against the rails, and stopped.

Again Nancy started down the moun-
tainside, carefully picking her way as
she ran. Chance brought her flying
down into a trail, made perhaps by some
skulking bushwhacker, and by the friendly
help of the moonlight she was able to
follow it until it emerged into the level
ground bottom below. In five minutes
she was clambering to the crest of the
[illegible]-studded embankment up to the
side of the chugging express.

"Cleve's all right," she heard a fa-

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Polly Didn't Like Her Cage

A Story for Children

POLLY was a snowy white cockatoo with beautiful yellow crest, who lived in a pleasant home in New York. The one object of her life, when I first knew her, writes Olive Thorne Miller, was to get out of her cage.

She might have stayed out all the time, for it was a pet-ridden house, and the family was used to all sorts of beast and bird pranks. She might I say, have, for one, or two notions which she had. One was an incurable dislike of beads, and another an equally strong liking for buttons.

The beads she attacked as if they were enemies, biting them off a lady's dress much faster than they had been sewed on, and flinging them away with a spiteful jerk that sprinkled the floor like a shower of glass. No matter what other attractions were in a room, if a lady happened to wear a bit of sparkling bead trimming, the instant Polly was free she flew or waddled across the floor, and went to work at it, and neither coaxing nor scolding had the smallest effect upon her.

With buttons it was otherwise. She seemed to delight in them. She snapped off the buttons with her scissors-like beak, but she did not throw them away; she chewed them up. If not interrupted to notice her, the naughty bird would snatch every button from her mistress' dress, or her master's coat, more quickly than a person could do it with a knife.

Another of this bird's tricks was to attack people's feet, and as she had a beak like a pickax and never hesitated to use it, she was the terror of children and servants.

Children, indeed, she particularly disliked. She squawked at them if she could not get out of her cage, and she flew at them if she could.

These, with other troublesome fancies, condemned Madam Polly to a cage, and, as I said before, to get out of that silken prison was her sole business in life.

First she would coax, and her coax was most droll. She began by saying pathetically, "Poor Polly," to call attention to her wishes. If any one looked at her, she at once began to bow in the most persuasive and violent manner. If that did not bring deliverance, she wriggled from side to side, opening and quivering her wings, and almost twisting her neck off in her attempts to be winning, her big, dark eyes all the time eagerly fixed upon the one she hoped would open the door.

If these curious antics had no effect, [illegible] that conversation could not be heard in the room; but her crowning effort, and one that usually was successful, was a shrieking little song, a most ludicrous performance. It sounded like a child trying to sing in a high key. It was the funniest song a bird ever uttered, I am sure, and no one could resist this supreme effort to please.

If dinner was going on when she came out, she rushed at once for the table, climbed up by the cloth, or the dress of a friend, and proceeded to look over the dishes, make her choice and help herself. Oatmeal she liked; green corn, too, in a chicken bone to pick; but her special delight was in green peas, which she neatly extracted from their delicate skins and ate with great daintiness. So strong was this liking that the sight of raw peas set her wild till some were given to her. Then she would deftly in one claw, hold it up, and remove the peas one after another, dropping out the cleaned-out skins as she went on.

After eating all she wanted, if she chanced to be in an amiable mood, Polly liked to show off her cleverness, and she had a comical way. She climbed up the back of a chair, stood on the top, fixed her eyes on the lady she intended to charm by the performance, and, the moment that person looked at her, began.

To begin with, Polly jerked herself up to her greatest height, as if a spring had gone off inside her like a jack-box, every feather expressing straight up, and delivered in her greatest accomplishment—a "cracker," with a proud air, as if nothing could go beyond that. The next instant she crouched on her perch as low as possible, then bowed many times as fast as she could, as tho she were hammering something. She performed the most ridiculous capers, which somehow reminded one of the puppyish gambols of a big, awkward dog. Then if her door were not opened for all her coaxing and storming, madam proceeded to open it, or at least to try to open it. No wire, no string, no intricacy of knots or devices of twisting could baffle her.

She was very knowing, and her beak and claws—hands, they almost deserve to be called—were as useful as many people's fingers. She would work with the utmost patience at any fastening, cutting string or small wire, till she got the door open. The only thing she could not master was a padlock with the key removed. She could turn the key if it were left in.

* * *

Something of a Talker.

SPEAKING at a political gathering, Congressman Fred A. Britten of Illinois referred to the activity of some people along conversational lines and recalled the following anecdote:

A woman went into a pet store one day with the announcement that she wished to buy a parrot, and was shown several promising specimens by the proprietor.

"I like the looks of this one," said the prospective customer, designating a certain bird, "but are you quite sure that he is a talker?"

"Oh, yes, madam," was the prompt assurance of the proprietor, "he is a talker, all right."

"Some of them are very disappointing," continued the customer. "Will you guarantee him to talk a lot?"

"I surely will," answered the proprietor, "the lady who last owned him sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgewise."

* * *

Wrong Time.

RECENTLY a man had some work that he wanted done around his country place, and to that end he sought an elderly colored man named Rastus. Not being able to find Rastus, he left a message with a colored deacon.

"Rastus," said the deacon, later in the day, "yo' ant to go round an' clean out dat hen house ob Judge Johnson's tomorrow mo'ning."

"What am dat?" responded Rastus, with a wondering expression. "Did you say hen house?"

"Dat's what I said," repeated the deacon. "Yo' am to clean out dat hen house tomorrow mo'ning."

"Must be some mistake, deacon," said Rastus, doubtfully shaking his head. "Who ebah heard ob cleanin' out a hen house in daytime?"

* * *

Feminine Diplomacy.

"YES, I finally got rid of him," she said, "without having to tell him in so many words that I never could learn to love him. I didn't want to do that, because he's an awfully nice fellow, and I should have been very sorry to cause him pain."

"How did you manage it?" her friend asked.

"Why, you see, he's subject to hay fever, so I decorated the house with goldenrod whenever he sent word that he was coming."

* * *

Probably Peddlers.

MISS OLDBIRD was airing her views on marriage and men to Miss Flapjette and it was evident that she was not what is known as a man hater.

"I don't care for men, my dear," she said to her young friend. "In fact, I have already said 'No' to several of them."

"Indeed," said the young thing, with a twinkle in her eye: "What were they selling?"

* * *

Waste.

"THAT man ought to be arrested! He threw a lump of coal at a cat."

"Are you going to tell the S. P. C. A.?"

"No. I'm going to tell the fuel commissioner."

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His Double Reward

By Victor Redcliffe

[Copyright by W. G. Chapman.]

FOR the first time in her life Nance Driscoll had met a man who came nearest to her cherished ideal of masculine perfection. Perhaps the tinge of oddness and romanticism in the meeting had cost a certain glamor over the circumstance. At all events Nance was impressed and a pleasant smile would come across her face whenever she thought of Morgan Burritt.

"He is the nicest man I ever met," Nance told a friend, Morna Dyson. "I was out in the garden and rigged up a long pole with a big prickling fork on its end. The old pear tree was too high to climb and up in its top branches there was a lot of fruit. I was picking off the pears with the fork when I happened to look toward the road. There, leaning on a fence and watching me with a half-smiling and half-thoughtful look on his face, was this gentleman."

"What was he like, Nance?" Morna asked.

"A vacationer on a jaunt. He lifted his tourist cap politely and asked my pardon for staring at me, but I had given him an idea, he said."

"An idea?"

"Yes, about an invention. He said that the fork on the end of the pole had suggested quite an important point in a tree-trimming invention he was working over."

"I declare!"

"Then he got telling me how to care for the flowers, the bushes and the trees. It was pleasant to hear him talk. He seemed to know everything. Old Sorrel broke down the fence and went a-straying while we were talking, and he went after him and got him back. I offered him some of the ripest pears and when he went away I felt as if it were some good friend who had left me."

"And haven't you seen him since?" questioned Morna.

"Well, yes," admitted Nance, with a slight flush. "This morning he came by as I was waiting at the gate for the postman. Mr. Burritt is stopping in the village for a few days. Father came out. You know he doesn't get around much and he likes to talk with people. Father sold the Midvale farm, you know, last week, and is thinking of investing the money he got for it in some bonds. Well, Mr. Burritt knew all about good securities, for he is a city man. That interested father, and he made Mr. Burritt stay for dinner."

"Why, Nance, you're getting a regular [illegible]," laughed Morna.

[illegible] supper. Then she covered her pretty confusion by declaring that she must hurry into the house and get supper, as Mr. Burritt was coming to see her father in the evening and bring him the names of some reliable brokers in the city.

Inevitably this young stranger had narrated something of his business life. He had been superintendent of a manufactory where his ingenuity had added materially to its progress and profits.

"They accepted my original ideas fast enough," said Burritt, "but I received no reward for my extra efforts in their behalf. The result is that I am starting out on my own account. I have gotten up several novelties in the hardware line and have made quite a snug little sum turning them over to others. When I get enough capital, I am going to keep the patents and manufacture direct."

"That's pretty interesting," said Nance's father. "Wish I was a younger man, for I'd like to go into partnership with a likely young fellow such as you are."

"I am going to insist on making Miss Driscoll at least an honorary partner in one of my inventions," half laughed Burritt. "As I told you, Nance, the idea I got from watching that pronged pole gathering pears supplied me with just the suggestion I needed to get my tree-trimming device I was working on. It gave me exactly the lacking idea. I have quite some hopes of making a great success of it."

Burritt spoke half laughingly, but Nance simultaneously pleased to think that she had been of help to a man she admired and respected and whose advice had brought a new phase of interest into their lives. She took unusual pains with her dress that evening, wishing to appear at her best before the honored guest. Just at dusk she ran over to have a brief chat with her friend, Morna, and hurried back home across fields.

As Nance neared the house she heard gruff, unfamiliar voices beyond the open doorway of the lighted wing where her father sat evenings. She neared the threshold to discover a new situation which fairly appalled her.

Tied to his chair was her father. Over him stood two men, villainous-looking fellows. One had a long, slim-bladed knife. This he was poking menacingly at their victim. Once even he allowed it to penetrate the hand of the helpless man.

"The key to that strong box of yours,"

Over Him Stood Two Men, Villainous-Looking Fellows.

growled his mate, "or we'll torture you to the limit!"

"I haven't it," groaned Nance's father. "Where is it, Jim?"

"My daughter has it. I'm telling you the truth. Don't! Don't!" as the knife was more viciously jabbed towards him.

"Maybe he's telling the truth, Jim?" suggested its possessor.

"Is that her?" and the other jumped to the window.

She had, indeed, the key in question, and now realized that these ruffians must have heard of her father having a large sum in the house and were bent on securing it. Her idea was to prevent their possession of the key; no also to reach the nearest house to give the alarm.

The man who had discovered her proximity dashed after her speedily. Nance started across the garden in the direction of the Dyson home. She realized that her pursuer was close on her trail. He would soon overtake her. Nance uttered one frantic, ringing scream and suddenly made a dash for the pole resting against the pear tree. She seized it, she poised it. She held it level and directed its prongs and directly against her oncoming enemy.

"Ouch! Thunder!" he gasped, and recoiled promptly as the girl pressed to his side, where the fork points had penetrated. Nance pressed the assault. She made a lunge and the man went prostrate, howling for help from his companion.

The latter came rushing out. In her trepidation and excitement Nance had dropped the pole. She was too weak and overcome to run. He made for her. She was swift to go to the fainting girl.

Suddenly a new figure shot across her range of vision. She leaned to the support of the pear tree as she recognized Mervin Burritt. She saw his strong fist drive out and her would-be captor went senseless to the ground.

Mr. Driscoll was a grateful man when, one hour later, in the peace and quiet of his room they went over the exciting incidents of the evening. The robbers had been jailed, and the incident had drawn those three immeasurably closer together.

So much so, in fact, that before the week was out Mr. Driscoll insisted upon financing Burritt in his inventions and Nance had been invited not only into the new business combination, but also to become the partner for life of the man she had learned to love.

* * *

Entertaining Johnny.

ONE afternoon the ticket agent on an Iowa railroad was called to the brass-barred window of his little office. Before the window stood a motherly looking woman. At her side was a bright-faced boy.

"Please, sir," said the woman, addressing the agent, "what time does the next train leave for Des Moines?"

"It leaves at 2:48, madam," answered the agent, with just a trace of annoyance, "I have already told you no less than six times during the last half hour."

"I know you have, sir," gently replied the motherly looking woman, "but Johnny likes to see you come to the window. He says it reminds him of the Zoo."

* * *

Fooled 'Em.

"IT is remarkable," said Mr. Gruntler, "how mean some people are! I had with me on a fishing trip two friends, who evidently were familiar with my reputation as an angler. Before starting one of them made the following suggestion: 'We will agree that the first one who catches a fish must treat the crowd.' I assented to this and we started. Now, don't you know, those two fellows both had a bite and were too mean to pull them up!"

"I suppose you lost, then?" remarked the friend.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Gruntler, "I didn't have any bait on my hook."

The Major's Status.

A MAJOR'S job is sometimes regarded as a sinecure, and a humorous exchange hits off the idea by this story of an ambitious colored trooper:

"I figgahs I'se goin' to get a majah's commission soon," said he, "'cause I overheard de kunnel talkin' to de adjutant about somebody and sayin': 'He won't do foh a lieutenant, 'cause a lieutenant doan know nothin' and does everything; he won't do foh a captain, 'cause a captain knows everythin' and doan do nothin'; but he suttinly would make a majah, 'cause a majah doan do nothin' and doan know nothin'."

* * *

No Place.

LITTLE Richard's mother took him for a visit to his grandparents. When bedtime approached he was instructed to kiss each of his relatives good-night. He hesitated when he came to his grandfather, who wore a long heavy beard.

"Aren't you going to kiss grandfather good-night, dear?" his mother asked.

"No, mother, I can't," was the reply, "there isn't any place to tell him."

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For the Women Who Sew and Embroider

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
sl cr—Single crochet.
dc cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
dc tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
rp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Sl cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Dc cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

Deep Edge for Bath Towels

THIS design for bath towel edges is most effective when made of mercerized crochet cotton, in either white or any of the light shades. No. 5 perle is the most satisfactory.

Start with 12 ch sts, join, forming a circle.

First Row—32 s c, over circle.

Second Row—5 ch sts, 1 d t c, into each of the next 3 sts, leaving 1 loop of each on the hook, thread over hook, thru all, forming a ch, * 7 ch sts, 1 d t c into each of the next 4 sts, forming 1 ch, repeat * until you have 8 ch, 7 ch sts.

Third Row—* 6 s c, 3 ch sts, form 1 p, 6 s c, all over 7 ch sts, repeat *, for 4 loops; for the last loop, work 5 s c, 3 ch sts, form 1 p, repeat * until you have 4 p, 2 s c, continue for the remaining loops, forming 3 p.

Start another medallion, on the last row, join at p of plain loop, as shown in the illustration, then make 6 s c to complete loop, 3 ch sts, join bt 1 at st, to the last s c of loop of 1st medallion, turn, make 5 s c, over the 3 ch sts, 2 s c, over next loop of 2d medallion, 3 ch sts, join to first of next loop of 1st medallion, turn, 5 s c over ch, continue with p loop, continue for the length required.

Fasten thread to the last st of first plain loop, 5 ch sts, 2 d c, into first st of next loop, * 5 ch sts, 1 s c into next p, 5 ch sts, 1 d c, at joining of loops, 5 ch sts, 1 s c into next p, 5 ch sts, 2 d c, form 1 cl, at next joining of loops, 1 cl at opposite joining on next medallion, repeat *.

Next Row—1 cl of 3 d t c, 5 ch sts, 1 cl into same st as first cl, make next cl, into st above d c, continue as is shown in the illustration.

Last Row—* 5 s c, 1 p, 5 s c all over loop, 1 s c over connecting st, repeat *, then p can be sewed to the towel or a line of ch sts connecting them may be made as a foundation to be whipped to the towel.

Embroidered Doily for Lining Basket.

THESE serviceable doilies are very popular, and, while they show for considerable work, they have not the amount credited to them at first glance. This doily has a very pleasing design of four pineapples, connected by a scrowl of outlining.

This pattern can be worked in the different shades of one color, Copenhagen blue, wood brown, cool green, the shades of gold or in the natural shades of brown and green work out fine with the addition of three shades in outlining stitches, shading from light at the top to dark at the base. The leaves are padded and worked solid in the darker shades.

The six-strand cotton makes the best thread for this style of work; for the outlining we prefer two threads in the needle at once and for the French embroidery three threads.

Pad the larger leaves with soft padding cotton, work over with the stitches at a sharp slant. In padding, the longer the stitches and the fewer of them the smoother and easier they are to cover satisfactorily. Of course, the stitches must lie flat and should not cover the stamped lines themselves in order to get straight and perfect outline and shape.

Hem the linen and finish with an edge of lace one and one-half inches wide. For lining a basket, the lace is whipped to the linen so it stands straight up. For this effect, do not full the lace a particle,

but whip it on scant. For a cake plate, draw the top thread of the lace and full slightly, just enough to lay the edge flat after it is dampened and pressed.

This makes a very satisfactory gift, and from one set of cottons one can make three doilies.

How to Keep Boys' Buttons On.

TO MAKE buttons stay in place on the boy's garments, cut the leather tabs from old shoes and from these cut circular pieces about the size of a 10-cent piece. When a button is required on a garment subject to great strain, place one of the pads on the inner side of the garment where the button is to be sewed on. Tack it securely around. Sew on the button in the usual way, always remembering to put a knot on your thread between the button and the cloth; also put a few stitches of the thread around the neck of the button, as this is a source of strength. Buttons sewn on in this manner will never draw a hole in the material.

Reseating Chairs.

IF YOU find the "split" bottoms of any of your chairs giving out, try reseating them with common binder twine. This must have a good coat of paint to keep from wearing. They will last a long time.

Flowers Cut Out of Chintz.

ON THE brim of a quaint little natural Leghorn poke that fits very snugly to the head are pasted large flower motifs cut out of chintz. Over the entire brim is stretched white georgette, giving a hand-painted effect.

Saves Rubbers.

A GOOD way to save your rubbers from wearing out is to buy a pair of 10 cent rubber heels and fit inside, and you will find they will last much longer.

A Traveler's Apron.

A TRAVELER'S apron is easy to make. Buy a yard and an eighth of rubberized silk, a yard wide and four yards of rep tape for binding the apron and the pockets. Cut a small apron with rounded corners, five small pockets and one large one.

The large pocket is to be divided into three sections for the comb, brush and manicure implements. The small pockets are to be used for hairpins, powder, wash cloth, nail brush and all the other little things that are needed when making her toilet. The apron may be rolled into a small space and tucked into the suitcase until needed. When in use, tied securely about the waist, everything will be within easy reach.

Removes Tar.

ETHER, methylated spirits or turpentine will remove tar. First rub the stain with a little fresh lard and allow to stand a while, then wash. If this does not remove tar, cover stain with a mixture of oil of turpentine and the white of an egg, let stand and wash in the usual way.

Everyday Hose.

IF YOUR hose are longer than need be cut the hem where it is stitched on the wrong side. Then turn down the whole hem and stitch by hand. Small stitches, and not too tight, then press. Some people wear the knees out before there is a hole in the feet. This will make them wear even if done when new.

A New Boudoir Cap.

IT MAY be for yourself and again it may be for the bride-to-be; still it's charming and so simple to make, this boudoir cap. One length of ribbon, plus two rather large medallions of lace or wheels of fluted ribbon, and you have the beginning or rather the foundation of a rare confection.

Let the ribbons be three-quarters of a yard long, if you gather, and one yard in length if you shirr, but either case a width of twelve inches is sufficient. Now gather the ribbons along each side, measuring to see that it comfortably covers the head from the forehead to just a bit above the nape of the neck. Then catch the gathered edges to the round medallions large enough to cover the ears and so made "ridges" for the cap. Ruffings of narrow ribbon make charming "wheels" for the side, too. And your cap is finished.

If you happen to be a very ingenious person you can originate all sorts of variations of this model in the way of material combinations and trimming. For instance, you might use two colors of chiffon or georgette, one over the other, for the center stripe in place of the ribbon. Then run your ruffing of satin ribbon in a harmonizing contrasting color. But you can't imagine how exquisitely such a cap is children and the heavy lace for the ear laps can be.

Still another method of treating this style is to cut the ribbon in lengths of contrasting ribbon, middle seamed and gathered along the edge like the others. Or you might use the single ribbon and insert a puffing of a flimsier stuff just for variety.

Floor Cushions.

THE floor cushion, as the modern development of the footstool, is so well established now that it needs no introduction. Sometimes these cushions are of black or of purple greens of substantial hues, and suitable for foot cushions —but at other times they are of delicate hue and even more delicate stuff. It would seem, for the foot shod in Cinderella's crystal slipper; also there are cushions for the boudoir and the library. There are drawing-room cushions and dining-room cushions, bedroom cushions and boudoir cushions, cushions for the morning and cushions for tea time, cushions for one's limousine and cushions for the beach when summer comes.

New Blouses.

ALMOST all the new blouses of [illegible] wide and deep collar which outline the V neck, opening down to its point, and then continue over to the shoulder, falling well down the back of the blouse. Many of these new blouses are a mass of fine pin-tucking, the tiny tucks crossing each other in groups to make a sort of plaid effect. There is much variety in the arrangement of these tucks, and the woman who can do fine hand tucking on sheer batiste may evolve a distinguished blouse at trifling expense.

Handmade Blouse.

THE handmade blouse has never been more in evidence than at present, and to it may follow the example of a blouse of pale blue batiste and boast a new high collar and a front which only trimming was hand-sewn pin tucks. The more strictly tailored blouses are usually of linen, and these also show combinations of hand and machine in also used for these waists and blouses of dark taffeta are worn with tailored skirts.

Hint for Knitters.

KEEP a piece of paper in your knitting bag. Then when you come to the end of a row put the work on the paper with the needle. It is much easier to count holes than it is rows on the work itself, and it is almost impossible to keep count, in one's head, especially when people are talking. The "punch"system is particularly helpful when you are knitting a large piece of work like a sweater. Also keep a crochet hook with knitting to pick up dropped stitches or to bind off.

Luncheon Favors.

PRETTY favors for a luncheon are little hats made of silk or ribbon. The brims are old fashioned round pin pads and the crowns small stuffed pincushions fastened to them.

Make them harmonize with the color scheme of the luncheon, trim with tiny ribbon roses, and put a row of colored pins around the edge.

For White Shoes.

NOW that the season for white shoes is again with us, keep a piece of art gum handy, as it is fine for taking off dirt, nor does it injure a shoe in the least, it being so soft it wears itself away as it cleans. It will also remove spots of dirt from various fabrics.

Deep Edge for Bath Towels

THIS design for bath towel edges is most effective when made of mercerized crochet cotton, in either white or any of the light shades. No. 5 perle is the most satisfactory.

Start with 12 ch sts, join, forming a circle.

First Row—32 s c, over circle.

Second Row—5 ch sts, 1 d t c, into each of the next 3 sts, leaving 1 loop of each on the hook, thread over hook, thru all, forming a ch, * 7 ch sts, 1 d t c into each of the next 4 sts, forming 1 ch, repeat * until you have 8 ch, 7 ch sts.

Third Row—* 6 s c, 3 ch sts, form 1 p, 6 s c, all over 7 ch sts, repeat *, for 4 loops; for the last loop, work 5 s c, 3 ch sts, form 1 p, repeat * until you have 4 p, 2 s c, continue for the remaining loops, forming 3 p.

Start another medallion, on the last row, join at p of plain loop, as shown in the illustration, then make 6 s c to complete loop, 3 ch sts, join bt 1 at st, to the last s c of loop of 1st medallion, turn, make 5 s c, over the 3 ch sts, 2 s c, over next loop of 2d medallion, 3 ch sts, join to first of next loop of 1st medallion, turn, 5 s c over ch, continue with p loop, continue for the length required.

Fasten thread to the last st of first plain loop, 5 ch sts, 2 d c, into first st of next loop, * 5 ch sts, 1 s c into next p, 5 ch sts, 1 d c, at joining of loops, 5 ch sts, 1 s c into next p, 5 ch sts, 2 d c, form 1 cl, at next joining of loops, 1 cl at opposite joining on next medallion, repeat *.

Next Row—1 cl of 3 d t c, 5 ch sts, 1 cl into same st as first cl, make next cl, into st above d c, continue as is shown in the illustration.

Last Row—* 5 s c, 1 p, 5 s c all over loop, 1 s c over connecting st, repeat *, then p can be sewed to the towel or a line of ch sts connecting them may be made as a foundation to be whipped to the towel.

Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money — Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how to banish rheumatism from human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:

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In the spring of 1892 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for about three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I got was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden, with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply fill out the coupon below and I will send you a trial package entirely free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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I accept your offer. Send to:

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BECAUSE the newly commissioned major on the way to Toronto looked like ready money, the porter had been very active in his attentions. His movements were of the "hot-foot" variety whenever the officer appeared to require service. Also he was careful to address him as "major" only when the train neared the Union depot and, following the assiduous use of the brush, the porter discovered that instead of the possession of a dime, he was equal to the emergency. He clicked his heels together, saluted and remarked, "Corp'l, Ah t'ank yo', sah."

Reading Character.

"ARE you a good judge of character?" "Pretty fair. Now, for instance, that dignified looking man over there in the corner of the lobby is a stranger to me, but I take him to be a public man, a statesman, perhaps, who is accustomed to addressing large crowds, has constructive ideas and is at home on the platform."

"Ahem!"

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"Did I miss my guess very far?"

"Oh, you could have done worse. He's the proprietor of a medicine show."

Jealousy.

ON THE night of the first big minstrel show in Richmond, a private entered one of the boxes with a magnificently bejewelled and befurred young woman on either arm. Lord Chesterfield had nothing on him for chivalrous bearing and grandiloquent concern for the comfort of the ladies. They were conspicuously long in getting settled. Not being able to stand it any longer, or perhaps prompted by jealousy, a soldier in the balcony yelled down: "That's all right, old top, you'll be washing dishes tomorrow!"—Judge.

How to Win a Seat.

HERE is a tip for straphangers on how to win a seat. It was tried with success recently by a woman who looked tired but couldn't induce any of the men sitters to give her a seat. She looked around pleadingly, but all those who had seats were absorbed in their newspapers. The car had gone a block or two when suddenly a voice was heard singing "The Star Spangled Banner." It was the woman who had just entered the car. Every one looked at her. Then the woman edged into a seat that had been occupied by one of the men. When the woman was seated the song suddenly ended.

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Send no money

IF YOU will send us your name and address, we will send you prepaid a genuine Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring, so that you can wear it for ten full days. These exquisite gems have the eternal fire of diamonds. They are guaranteed forever. We want you to wear it for ten full days at our expense. Then if you can tell it from a diamond send it back. If you decide to buy you may pay for it in small monthly payments.

Pay as you wish

When the ring comes just make the first small deposit ($3.75) with the postman. Then put the ring on your finger. Wear it everywhere you go for ten full days. If you decide to buy you may pay the balance at the rate of $2.00 a month without interest. But if, during the trial, you decide you can get along without the Lachnite, send it back. Your deposit will be refunded instantly.

Send the coupon

It is not necessary for you to fill out an order blank to get a Lachnite on ten days' trial. Just put your name and address in the coupon. Do not send us a penny, but be sure to give us the size of your finger. To do this, cut a strip of paper just long enough to meet over the second knuckle of the finger on which you wish to wear the ring. But send the coupon for the ten days' trial. Remember—if you can tell a Lachnite from a diamond—send it back.

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